Saturday Review

September 3, 1966 35¢

REPORT FROM GENEVA

By Norman Cousins

"The Peaceable Kingdom," by Edward Hicks (see page 20)

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

THE DISPUTED CIA DOCUMENT ON UFOs

By Jo

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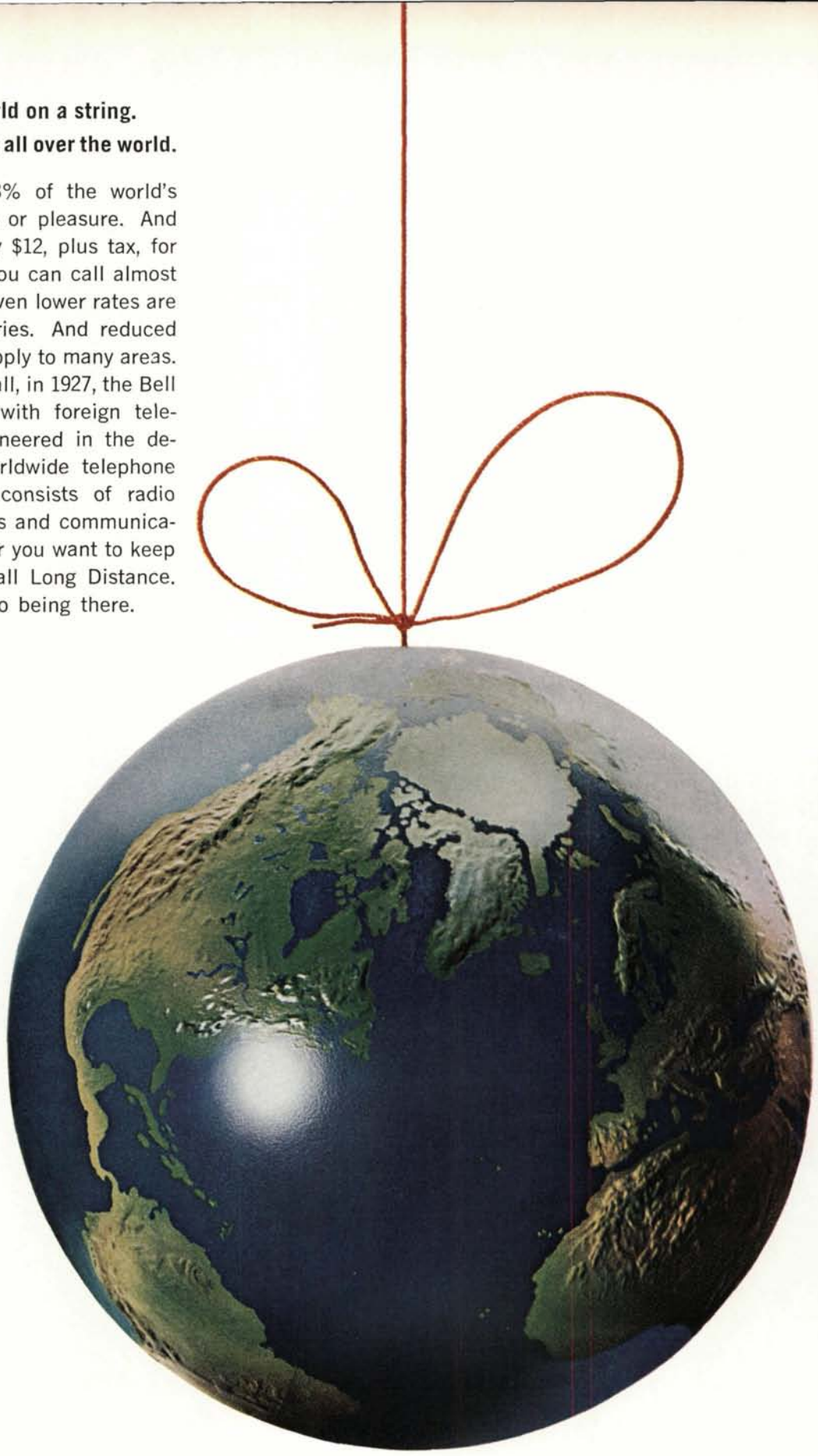

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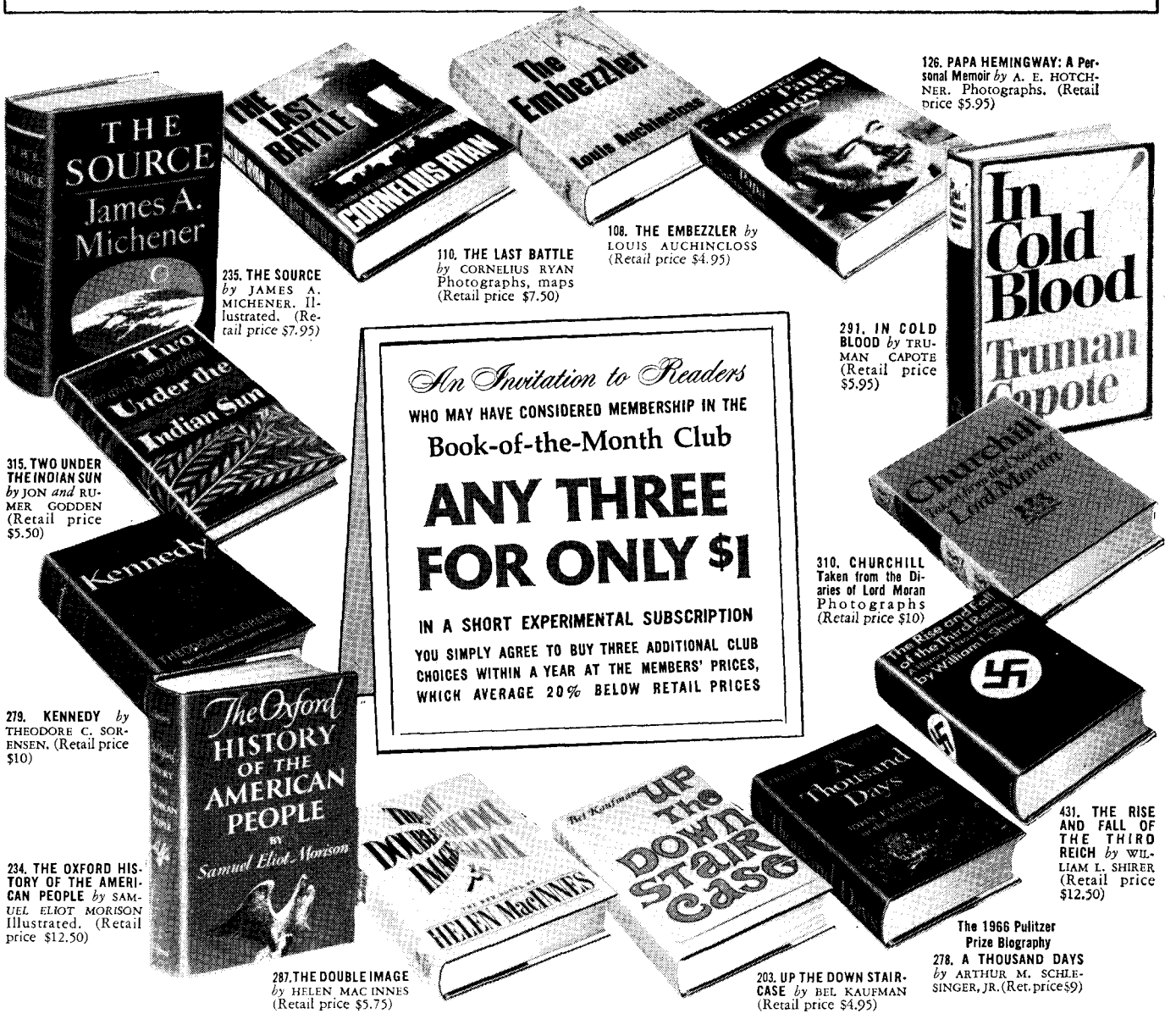

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The very title of Stephen Hess's new book is a shock—*America's Political Dynasties*—and the book itself is a whopper. It's over 700 pages. But you can read it, learn, enjoy, and relax—it has more than 200 pages of what we call, inelegantly, "back matter" (that is, Notes, Bibliography, Index). The "reading" part of the book, therefore, is simply a good, healthy work of history.

The shock comes to those of us who, secure in the old ritualized assumption that we live in a society without sharp class or feudal or dynastic barriers, now have to recognize that we have a tradition of political power being passed along in certain families. The names Mr. Hess has used to people his book are sufficient testimony:

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Mr. Hess has taught at Johns Hopkins, been an Associate Fellow in the Institute of Policy Studies in Washington, and was a staff assistant to President Eisenhower. He is also the co-author (with Malcolm Moos) of *Hats in the Ring: The Making of Presidential Candidates.* Candidates and voters could read Mr. Hess's latest book with profit, pride, and prudence.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

America's Political Dynasties ($7.95), by Stephen Hess, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at one of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1331 E Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004.

Saturday Review

September 3, 1966

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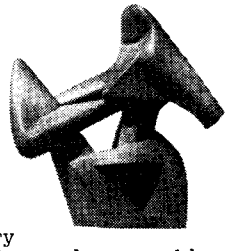

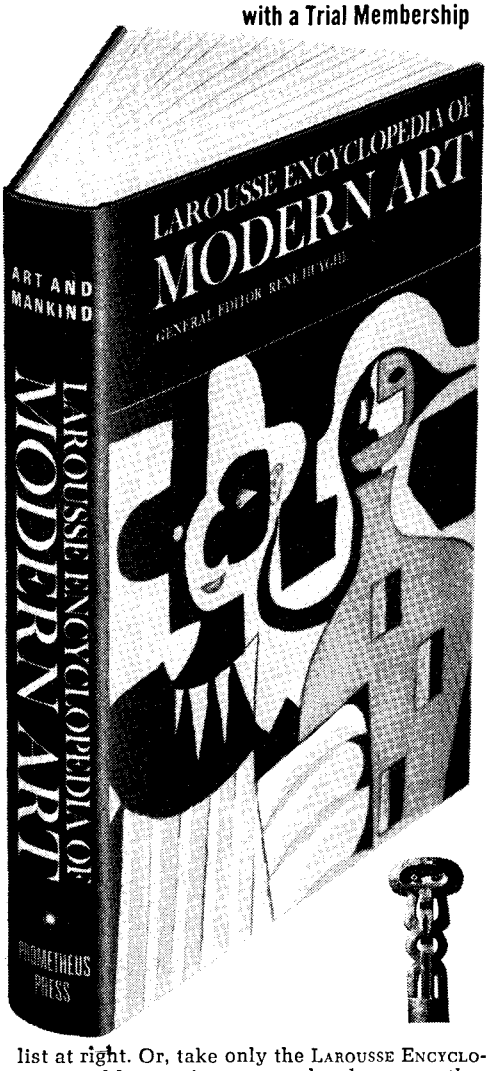

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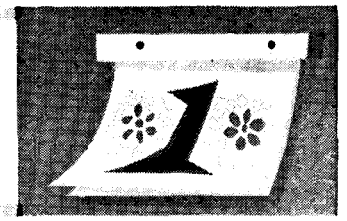

AUGUST was the month of Beatle Lennon's remark about Jesus, the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Green Weenie, of the Pressman's Union and the late *Herald Tribune*, of the late FDR and the late Mrs. Rutherfurd. And somehow the whole latter story seemed a little too late. After all, if something was happening, stage center, which Eleanor Roosevelt bore all her life with dignity, it was surely something which hardly called, a quarter of a century later, for a road company Daniels to come to judgment.

The murder, at the hand of the Pressman's Union, of the New York *Herald Tribune*, as well as the sell-out of the airlines by the government to the Machinist's Union, were hardly reassuring signs. Now that we've abolished capital punishment, it would certainly seem high time to do something about hard labor.

Broadcasters these days are occasionally given to pious pronouncements that there is no need for different editorial voices over the air. Don't you believe them. The *Gallagher Report* during the month reported that the number of cities with competing newspapers is now 59. As against, forty years ago, 552.

The war in Vietnam is a case in point. Surely there must be some correspondent of some paper or some network *somewhere* who can give us the true story of the bombing of North Vietnam —the kinds of bombs, the civilian casualties, the actual effects—with no holds barred. The way it stands now we know about as much about the bombings as the Germans knew about the concentration camps.

• • •

The author of the month was Carl Bakal. His book, *The Right to Bear Arms*, published *before* the Texas murders, pointed out that, since 1900, more Americans – 750,000 – have been killed by guns and bullets than the total number of our military who have died in all our wars—530,000. The villain of it all—the National Rifle Association. "A standard boast of NRA officials," writes Mr. Bakal, "is they can flood Congress with more than 500,000 pieces of mail virtually overnight in opposition to any gun legislation." We suggest you make the NRA make good on that boast—and that, for every letter they can write, you see that at least two get written demanding immediate and effective controls over gun ownership.

• • •

The sign of the month was written on a wall in Greenwich Village. It said, simply, "War Brings Peace. Fight!" We liked better, however, the gentle sign on a Madison Avenue shop. It said, "Please Come In and Browse. Timid Salesmen."

• • •

On the magazine front, a new magazine made its appearance during the month—*Pet Fair*. It's a field long neg-

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lected by magazine publishers but not by the public—who know, from TV ads, if nothing else, that the pet food business alone is now one of this country's major industries. In any case, the magazine, a lively combination of animal facts and fiction—with a genuinely humane orientation—had, before the end of its first month, 200,000 copies in print. The editor and publisher of *Pet Fair* is a young lady named Frances Fielding-Jones, whose office at 527 Madison Avenue was, by the end of the month, receiving 100 manuscripts a day. Mrs. Fielding-Jones, we learned, prefers just plain Jones. "I'm not a hyphenated sort of person," she told us. Her Childrens' Editor, incidentally, is her twelve-year-old daughter—whose name is listed on the masthead as Laura Anne Brown. "I picked it," she told us, "because it's such a romantic name."

• • •

Elsewhere on the small fry front, two camp letters amused us. One was from a Girl Scout camp in New Jersey by the seven-year-old daughter of ex-Peace Corps Deputy Fairfield Hoban. "I like it here very much," she wrote. "I had to write this or I didn't get lunch." The other was from a Catskill camp by the eleven-year-old daughter of Stuart Levin, president and director of New York's posh *Four Seasons* restaurant. "The food is awful," she wrote. "I can't even get snails."

• • •

During the month we had occasion to visit with Mr. Gary Langer, the U.S. Customs Examiner who for two long years, which included many harassments and, in at least one case, actual vindictiveness from his superiors, finally emerged victorious in his effort to remove from his Official Personnel Record an official reprimand he received for not "stating in writing" his reasons for refusing to buy U.S. Government Bonds under the Payroll Savings Plan. The crucial letter in the long war was one written by Langer to the Honorable Lester D. Johnson, Commissioner of Customs, last August:

> I am well aware that as a government employee in a sensitive position, I am required to forfeit certain rights. I know that my political activities must be restricted. I know that my assets are of public concern and, therefore, must be open to public scrutiny.
>
> However, I certainly have not and will not part with all of my rights, some of which must remain sacred and be protected no matter how much easier it would be on occasion to allow them to slip away. I feel that Mr. – – – – – 's inquiry into where and why I spend even a small amount of my money is an invasion of privacy that should not be tolerated. True it is a slight invasion, but I fear that if tolerated, it may only be the beginning.
>
> I must make three contentions, and if they are correct, the reprimand cannot stand.
>
> First, I contend that no government officer, no matter how important, can require an answer to every question he may ask. Secondly, I contend that to require a reply to any inquiry not related to security, or competence, or agency administration, is in excess of authority. Thirdly, I contend that, since Mr. – – – – – 's inquiry into my personal reasons for investing my money as I choose is not related either to security or to my competence, or to administration of this agency, that he has clearly exceeded his authority and therefore compliance should not be mandatory, and a reprimand for noncompliance is legally intolerable. The right of privacy, being older than the United States Constitution itself, must not be abridged without just cause.

Langer's final vindication came in the form of an official communiqué, almost a full year later, from Commissioner Johnson:

> Any type of disciplinary action taken for any reason against any employee in the past in connection with participation in the Payroll Savings Bonds program, a charity campaign, or any other type of voluntary program, is hereby rescinded. All official records of such disciplinary action should be removed from the Official Personnel folder of the employee concerned, destroyed, and the employee advised thereof.

But one final irony remained—a memorandum to all governmental departments and agencies which read as follows:

> Yesterday I signed an Executive Order designating Postmaster General Lawrence O'Brien as Chairman of the Interdepartmental Savings Bond Committee. I did so in the knowledge that I was assigning to him one of the most crucial tasks in the entire Federal establishment: that of making the government a leader in the Payroll Savings Bond program. I am confident he will succeed.
>
> But success depends not entirely on our new Chairman. Each Department and Agency head must shoulder his full share of the responsibility. That is why I am particularly pleased to note that the White House staff is already 100 per cent enrolled in the Payroll Savings Plan.

This one was signed by another Mr. Johnson—President Johnson.

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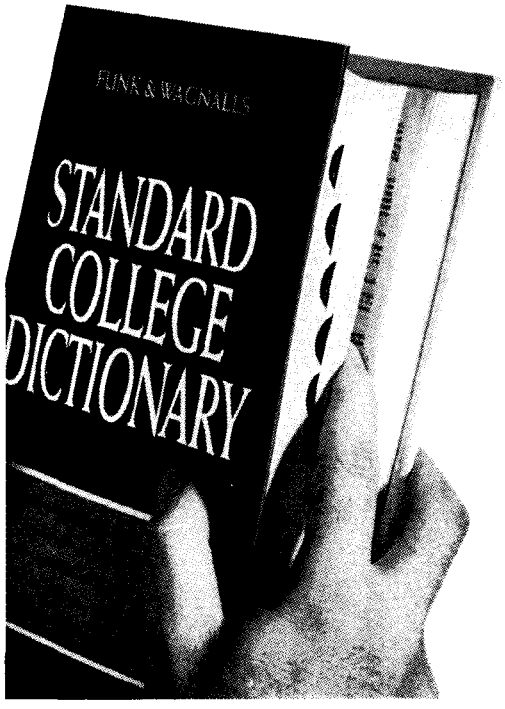

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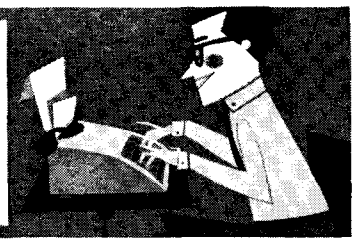
Top of My Head



Fore!

I WAS SORRY to see Mason Rudolph win the Thunderbird Classic Invitational golf match. I always sit before my TV set during these golf classics rooting for the underdog. Mason Rudolph has been the underdog I've rooted for for quite a few years. Now that he's won the big one I have to start looking for a new underdog.

I had grown rather fond of Mason Rudolph—an emotion I don't ever allow to creep into my rooting. But Mason Rudolph has been such an under-underdog and for so long that it had become almost a crusade to root for him. So I was sorry to lose him when he won. I was doubly sorry to read in a newspaper profile story of Rudolph the morning after his big win that his full name is Edgar Mason Rudolph.

I was glad he beat out Jack Nicklaus in the Thunderbird. I gave up rooting for Nicklaus long ago when he won his first big one—The United States Open or the British Closed. Or whatever. Arnold Palmer and Gary Player have been off my list for years. And the same goes for Billy Casper who only recently spoiled it all by winning a big one.

Not only do I not root for them but I've added to my repertoire of rooting against golfers a whammy. This whammy is so diabolically effective that when you see a golf ball ring the rim of a cup and refuse to drop in, you may know that I have pronounced the magic words. They not only send the ball away from the cup but have often sent it skittering onto another fairway.

Once a golfer wins he loses me. Except Julius Boros. The way I started rooting for Julius Boros was when a friend of mine told me she had a girl friend whose sister is married to Julius Boros. She told me Julius Boros was a professional golfer. So it was only natural that when his name appeared on my TV screen during a golf classic I started rooting for him. Through my rooting he finally won, a few years ago, one of the biggest classics—the United States Open. Or Closed. Or whatever.

So I gave up Julius Boros. But recently this friend of mine told me Julius Boros had four children and his wife was expecting a fifth. And that it had been some time since he had won another, and could I root for him? But I couldn't let emotion affect my rooting. Besides it irritated me that a man who can get such a low score in one sport should get such a high score in another.

And besides, I had been committed for some time to rooting for the underdog Mason Rudolph. So I gave in and added Julius Boros as an underdog to my rooting for second, third, or fourth money. In the Thunderbird I rooted Julius Boros into a four-way tie for fourth place. He won $2,975. Which should be adequate for the fifth kid's medicare.

I do not come lightly by my enthusiasm for golf. Years ago a doctor advised I take up golf for health reasons. His health. He couldn't stand seeing me in his office every day. So for one solid, torturous year I played golf every day, summer and winter, accompanied by the assistant pro of the golf club.

The first day my score was 31 over par. By year's end this figure changed drastically. On good days I was shooting 42 over par. And the end was not yet in sight. At the same time the assistant pro who had been shooting along with me in the low seventies had now raised his score to the high eighties.

He suggested I give up the game. I did. I changed sports. I went to gin rummy. My score there has been rather high too. But at least you don't have to dress for it.

I was rather amused to read an interview with Mason Rudolph the morning after he won the Thunderbird. He gave credit for his win to his best friend, Johnny Pott. It seems that after one tournament in which Mason Rudolph had been entirely out of the money Johnny Pott advised him to raise his hands on the club. Mr. Rudolph said he did and that's how he won the Thunderbird. Not a word about my crossed fingers.

I don't mind this anonymity. I'm through with him anyhow. He ruined himself with me the day he won the big one. Just as Johnny Pott ruined him by advising him to raise his hands on the club. Time alone will tell who did the most for him. Johnny Pott or I.

Listening to advice from golfers leads to giving up the game. I'll never forget the advice the assistant pro gave me that last day I played with him. I took it for granted somebody had put the whammy on me. I had not asked him what my trouble was but he volunteered it.

"Your trouble is," he said, "you stand too close to the ball after you hit it."

—GOODMAN ACE.

"I no longer have any opinion about anything."

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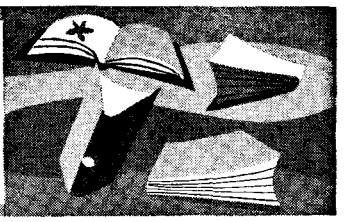
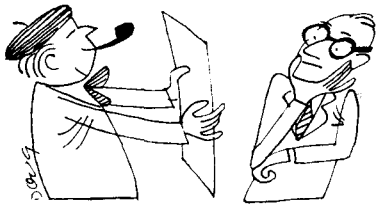
Trade Winds



In shops, in airline terminals, wherever books are sold, I find enjoyment in studying the covers of paperbacks and the jackets on the hard covers. So many of them are so very well done. The versatility is impressive.

What has surprised me is the modest fee the illustrator receives for his work. The average book-jacket illustration brings $150. The paperback cover—because of the larger print order—brings



from twice as much up to $500, though the payment is in part determined by the list price of a given book.

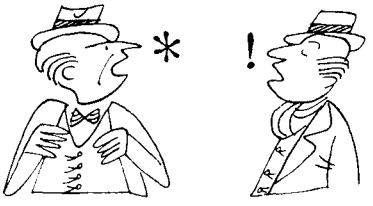
Some publishers turn a manuscript over to the illustrator, leave it to him to choose the subject matter, he submits a rough sketch, gets his o.k., and goes ahead. Other publishers, particularly with nonfiction, suggest specifically what they want the illustrator to use. One of the very large paperback publishers adopts the conference method: members of the sales staff, as well as representatives from the editorial and art departments, meet with the illustrator and talk for a whole morning before agreeing on the art approach.

I am told the average specialist turns out from two to three jackets or covers a month. Without other sources of revenue, it would be difficult to make a decent living. Magazine illustrators, on the other hand, receive an average of $1,500 for a picture for a short story. Al Parker, Coby Whitmore, Austin Briggs, Bernie Fuchs, and Joe Bowler receive more. The magazine market for fiction, however, becomes smaller. Where magazines once used five and six stories per issue, now most of them are down to two or three. Further affecting the illustrators' income has been the disappearance of *Collier's*, *The American*, and *Woman's Home Companion*, which among them used more than 300 illustrations a year.

Already it is obvious I never should have undertaken this twice-a-month assignment. The opprobrium heaped on me by readers who spotted the use of *apprise* (August 6th issue)—when surely I meant *appraise*, and which the copy room also should have detected—leaves me humble if not altogether defeated.

"The mispronounced word that bothers *me* most," writes William Harford, "is *asterisk*, the second *s* being so often omitted."

Frequently in more old-fashioned days the use of that small symbol by authors was—like the dash—for the purpose of indicating an obscenity, or a scene in a book better left to the imagination. Inhibitions rarely concern modern writers. For their edification, or at least amusement, here is a notice to performers that was posted on bulletin boards in Keith vaudeville theaters: "Don't say 'slob' or 'son-of-a-gun' or 'hully gee' on this stage unless you want to be canceled peremptorily. If you have not the ability to entertain Mr. Keith's audiences without risk of offending them, do the best you can. Lack of talent will be less open to censure than would



be an insult to a patron. If you are guilty of uttering anything sacrilegious or even suggestive, you will be immediately closed and will never again be allowed in a theater where Mr. Keith is in authority."

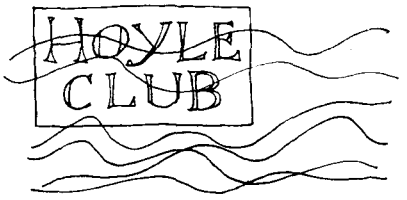
This notice was posted by Sir Christopher Wren during the building of St. Paul's cathedral: "Whereas, among labourers and others, that ungodly custom of swearing is too frequently heard, to the dishonour of God and contempt of authority; and to the end that such impiety may be utterly banished from these works, which are intended for the service of God and the honour of religion, it is ordered that profane swearing shall be a sufficient crime to dismiss any labourer."

Now that I've had *my* lesson for the day, let *that* be a lesson to Saul Bellow, Tennessee Williams, et Albee.

George Kaufman and Moss Hart have passed on. Richard Rodgers no longer has Oscar Hammerstein to work with. Alan Lerner and Fritz Loewe have parted company. Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz are now largely inactive.

I know of no personal relationship sweeter than that experienced by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay, and with the death of the former comes the end of a fabulous era of playwright collaboration. If the word *dear* ever properly described a man, it described Buck Crouse. Evenings at his home, and at the Lindsays', were the most cheerful and *gemütlich*, and never were there more gracious hostesses than Dorothy Stickney and Anna Crouse.

Buck's passing marked the twentieth anniversary of the disbandment of the Hoyle Club, which was the once-a-week poker-playing session that was a form of successor to the original Thanatopsis



group. Of the regulars in the final years, Kaufman, Harold Ross, Theron Bamberger, Bernie Hart, F. P. A., and now Crouse, are no more. There remain only Lindsay, Arthur Kober, and myself. We

distinctive

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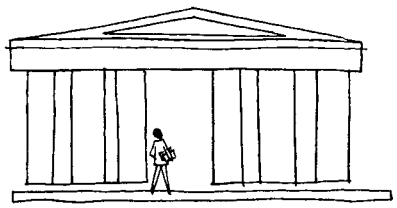
played for as long as ten hours at a stretch; we ate, and drank, and gossiped, and raised and called, and for years survived the fumes from Frank Adams's cigars.

Almost anybody would know that the club was named after Edmond Hoyle, whose *Games* I tried to study an age ago, and from which I remember only Rule 12 in connection with Whist: "When in doubt, take the trick."

No matter how one feels about Black Power, Stokely Carmichael's plea to his Civil Rights followers in Mississippi earlier this year is memorable. "It is time to stop being ashamed of being black,"



he said. "It is time to stop trying to be white. When you see your daughter playing in the fields, with her nappy hair, and her wide nose, and her thick lips, tell her she is beautiful. *Tell your daughter she is beautiful.*"

Which brings to mind the response of the president of Harvard, in 1848, to a protest against admission of a Negro student: "If this boy passes the examinations he will be admitted; and if the white students choose to withdraw, all the income of the college will be devoted to his education."

It was about 1947 that Richard Sherman wrote *The Bright Promise,* a novel that began on the day of Franklin Roosevelt's first inauguration and ended, for its two chief characters, on the day of the President's funeral; 20th Century-Fox bought but never made it. It would be one of the best movies *I* ever saw. Do you hear, Darryl Zanuck?

—Herbert R. Mayes.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1690)

(Norman) Ritter:
MAN AND (THE) UNDERSEA WORLD

(From *The Lamp,* S.O. of N.J.; Spring, 1966)

Another mammal that is being studied by marine scientists is the porpoise. Trained as a diver's bodyguard, the porpoise could ward off sharks. Man's dread underwater enemy, the shark is no match for the ramming tactics of the bottlenose.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthology

Stanislavski and America: An Anthology from the *Tulane Drama Review.* Edited by Erika Munk. Hill & Wang. $5.95.

The William Carlos Williams Reader. Edited by M. L. Rosenthal. New Directions. $7.50.

Crime, Suspense

The Asking Price. By Henry Cecil. Harper & Row. $4.50.

Diplomatic Cover. By Dominic Torr. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.75.

The Ghost Car. By Bill Knox. Doubleday. $3.50.

In Sickness and in Health. By Ruth Rendell. Doubleday. $3.50.

Current Affairs

Challenge to the Cities: An Approach to a Theory of Urban Leadership. By Henry W. Maier. Random House. $3.95.

The Changing Face of Southeast Asia. By Amry Vandenbosch and Richard Butwell. Univ. of Kentucky Press. $7.50.

The Function of "China" in Marx, Lenin, and Mao. By Donald M. Lowe. Univ. of California Press. $5.

The Good Samaritan and the Law. Edited by James M. Ratcliffe. Anchor. Paperback. $1.45.

Internal Security and Military Power: Counterinsurgency and Civic Action in Latin America. By Willard F. Barber and C. Neale Ronning. Ohio State Univ. Press. $6.50.

The United States in World Affairs, 1965. By Richard P. Stebbins. Harper & Row. $6.95.

Essays

Renaissance and Modern Essays: Presented to Vivian de Sola Pinto in Celebration of His Seventieth Birthday. Edited by G. R. Hibbard. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

Some British Romantics: A Collection of Essays. Edited by James V. Logan, John E. Jordan, and Northrop Frye. Ohio State Univ. Press. $6.

Fiction

The Disorderly Knights. By Dorothy Dunnett. Putnam. $6.95.

The House on the Cliff. By D. E. Stevenson. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

A Husband Isn't Everything. By J. Kamins. St. Martin's. $6.95.

The Pilgrim Hawk: A Love Story. By Glenway Wescott. Harper & Row. $4. (Reissue.)

P's Progress. By Frank O'Rourke. Morrow. $3.95.

Remembrance Day: Thirteen Attempts in Prose to Adopt an Attitude of Respect. By Gerhard Zwerenz. Dutton. $3.95.

A Wife for the Pretender. By Peggy Miller. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

History

The American 1890s: Life and Times of a Lost Generation. By Larzer Ziff. Viking. $7.50.

Dear Ones at Home: Letters from Contraband Camps. Edited by Henry Lee Swint. Vanderbilt Univ. Press. $6.95.

Montreal: Island City of the St. Lawrence. By Kathleen Jenkins. Doubleday. $6.50.

A Short History of Modern Russia. By Richard Freeborn. Morrow. $6.

The Truman Administration: A Documentary History. Edited by Barton J. Bernstein and Allen J. Matusow. Harper & Row. $10.

Literary History, Criticism

An Introduction to Chinese Literature. By Liu Wu-chi. Indiana Univ. Press. $7.95.

Miscellany

Americanisms: A Dictionary of Selected Americanisms on Historical Principles. Edited by Mitford M. Mathews. Univ. of Chicago Press. $5.95.

The Language of Ballet: An Informal Dictionary. By Thalia Mara. World. $3.95.

Men and Apes. By Ramona and Desmond Morris. McGraw-Hill. $7.95.

Prescription for Life. By M. F. Graham, M.D. McKay. $4.95.

The Whooping Crane: The Bird That Defies Extinction. By Faith McNulty. Dutton. $4.95.

Personal History

Alston and the Dodgers. By Walter Alston and Si Burick. Doubleday. $4.50.

The Captain's Best Mate: The Journal of Mary Chipman Lawrence on the Whaler Addison, 1856-1860. Edited by Stanton Garner. Brown Univ. Press. $8.50.

Footsteps of a Giant. By Emlen Tunnell with William Gleason. Doubleday. $4.95.

James Lusk Alcorn: Persistent Whig. By Lillian A. Pereyra. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $7.50.

Koufax. By Sandy Koufax with Ed Linn. Viking. $4.95.

A Long Way Up: The Story of Jill Kinmont. By E. G. Valens. Harper & Row. $5.95.

The Search for Amelia Earhart. By Fred Goerner. Doubleday. $5.95.

The Stolen Years. By Hugh Falkus. World. $3.95.

Poetry

Manual of Piety *(Die Hauspostille).* By Bertolt Brecht. Translated by Eric Bentley. Grove. $10.

Understanding Poetry. By James Reeves. Barnes & Noble. $4.

Religion, Philosophy

History of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church. By Henry Charles Lea. University Books. $10. (Reissue.)

Travel

Aegean Turkey: An Archaeological Guide. By George E. Bean. Praeger. $8.95.

—Compiled by Naid Sofian.

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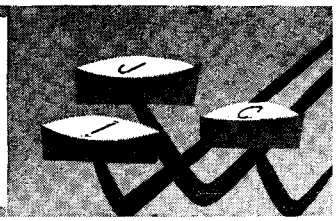
Manner of Speaking



About (maybe) the sources of certainty: Epiphanius Wilson, A.M., is not a name you are likely to find in either today's newspaper or tomorrow's history books. Yet Master Wilson was a learned man and one who wrote a good firm fist of scholarly prose, as I learned one foggy night on Nantucket where I had rented a cottage for simple rusticity, sea air, and exercise, all of which was mine for little more than it would have cost me to check in at the Waldorf and sit in front of the air conditioner.

At the end of one simple rustic day of sea air, golf, and bourbon, and having beaten the children into bed by the simple country expedient of smashing their transistor radios over their pointed heads, I settled down to whatever reading I could find. As it happened, I had finished the box of books I had brought with me and nothing had come in the mail but J. B. Lippincott's Fall Catalogue, in which I gloated briefly over Edward Gorey's jacket illustration of my three monsters for my forthcoming juvenile that tells all—*The Monster Den, or Look What Happened at My House—and To It.* My genetic revenge assured, I let my reverie gloat through the smoke spirals of one cigarette, then turned to *The New York Times.* That held me long enough to inform me that more bombs were dropping on North Vietnam, that yesterday's market had left me poorer (ah well, it's all on paper), and that Ronald Reagan was re-proclaiming the Upper Mesozoic in lower California.

I was even bored enough to do the *Times* crossword puzzle, but once the last "atmo" and "ara" had been filled in, it was still an hour from midnight, and I was face to face with the bookshelf that came with the cottage, a fine water-stained collection that included such bibliophilic items as *Hours with Men and Books* by William Matthews, LL.D. (author of *Getting on in the World; or Hints on Success in Life*), *Nevada* by Zane Grey ("Thoughts, feelings, sensations regurgitated around that familiar cold and horrible sickness of soul which had always followed the spilling of human blood"), and *Penelope's Irish Experience* by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

It was in sampling and rejecting such fare that I came on an ostentatiously semi-deluxe edition—a stray volume from a "Library of the World's Great Classics"—titled *Sacred Books of the East,* and containing translated selections from "The Vedic Hymns," "The Zend-Avesta," "The Dhammapada," "The Upanishads," "The Koran," and "The Life of Buddha."

It was in this volume that I made my brief acquaintance with Epiphanius Wilson, A.M., for it was to him that the Colonial Press of Fifth Avenue, New York, had given the task of writing introductory critical and biographical sketches just before the turn of the century. And it is to Master Wilson I am indebted for an anecdote I am happy to pass on to Ronald Reagan, M.C., if only because he was my last news from the future before I plunged into the past.

I had begun by turning to "The Koran," and of it Master Wilson had written that it was considered by the Mohammedans "to contain all the knowledge and all the literature necessary for men," an assumption it certainly has in common with all right-wing platforms.

Master Wilson, let me make clear, was reporting the sentiment without necessarily endorsing it. As a bookish man, he could not conceivably have agreed with the Caliph, whose decision he goes on to report:

> The learned men of Alexandria asked the Caliph Omar to give them the vast library at Alexandria. "If those books," he replied, "contain anything which is contrary to the *Koran* they deserve to be destroyed. If they contain what is written in the *Koran* they are unnecessary." He ordered them to be distributed among the baths of the city, to serve as fuel for their furnaces.

Such are the resources of faith once the self-convinced have taken The Truth to be their unquestionable possession. Even logicians must admire the firmness of the Caliph's argument. What, after all, are whole libraries of inquiry once the truth is official? Better a good bath with plenty of hot water.

And if Master Wilson's anecdotage is not persuasive, the *Koran* is eager enough to make its own holy point. After the introductory prayer of Chapter I, the revelation speaks for itself at the start of Chapter II:

> There is no doubt in this book; it is a direction to the pious, who believe in the mysteries of faith, who observe the appointed times of prayer, and distribute alms out of what we have bestowed upon them; and who believe in that revelation that has been sent down unto thee, and that which hath been sent down unto the prophets before thee, and have firm assurance in the life to come; these are directed by the Lord, and they shall prosper.

It was growing foggier on Nantucket as I read on. I looked out the window briefly, then found myself pausing for a vision of whole libraries being fed into the boilers to keep up the atmospheric steam. But indoors, in the clear glow of bourbon, I, too, was receiving a revelation: The speeches of the Hard Right—like those of the Hard Left—have all been written. Master Reagan need only read the *Koran* with Master Wilson's footnotes, as perhaps he has already done. With a minimum of adaptation, with only a few scene changes from Mecca to Hollywood, a few dub-ins to establish the new background, a few revisions toward current idiom, and a few deletions to step up the pace, the vocabulary and rhetoric of certainty are all his and ready to hand. The rest of us need only await the distribution of the Library of Congress to California's saunas for men's sauna in corporate soundness. After which the whole country can look forward to being as foggy as Nantucket.

Antidote: From the box of books I had brought with me, and that the foggy land might sleep better, I dug out Edith Hamilton's *The Greek Way* and re-read an anecdote I should not want any man to miss. Take it here as the *vade tecum* that may yet lead through the fogs there are. The passage occurs in the second paragraph of Chapter Three:

> In the early days of the Restoration a great discussion was held by the learned men in the presence of the king on why, if a live fish were put into the brimming pail, the water would not overflow, while if the fish were dead, it would. Many elevating reasons that had to do with the inner significance of life and death were adduced for this spiritually suggestive property of water—or fish, until the king asked that two such pails be brought in and the fish added to them before his eyes. When it turned out that the water reacted in the same way to the fish alive or dead, the scientists received a lesson that had far-reaching results on the advisability of the mind's not going the way of the spirit and withdrawing into itself to exercise the pure reason free and unhampered, but of remaining strictly within the limits of the outside world.

And so, eventually, to bed, the fog thickening, but the stones of the rented house reassured by the thought that there is such a thing as hopeful uncertainty; and, above all, a world to be uncertain about. —JOHN CIARDI.

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Saturday Review
September 3, 1966

What the Historian Owes the Negro

Emergence of long-obscured facets of Negro history brings with it the challenge to develop new perspectives on this nation's past

By BENJAMIN QUARLES

JUST AS the Negro's place in American life is now changing, so is his place in American history. The true role of the Negro in our country's past is emerging from the shadows. Like other aspects of our national life, history is now being desegregated; old outlooks are giving way to new.

The role of Negro brawn in the physical building of America is not an unfamiliar story, but today's readers are prepared to go further—to reflect, for example, upon Margaret Just Butcher's carefully considered statement that "some of the most characteristic features of American culture are derivatives of the folk life and spirit of this darker tenth of the population." It is no longer somewhat unsettling to come across a book that credits the Negro with enlarging the meaning of freedom in America, giving it new expressions. In today's schools, a youngster would react more receptively than ever to finding out, for example, that the first non-Indian to explore portions of Arizona and New Mexico was a Negro; that a Negro was the first to die at the Boston Massacre; that a Negro wrote the second book of verse published by any woman in colonial America; that a Negro was the first Chicagoan; that a Negro was one of the three commissioners who laid out the city of Washington; that a Negro preached the first Protestant sermon heard west of the Mississippi; that a Negro invented a vacuum cap that revolutionized the sugar industry; that another Negro invented the shoe-lasting machine that had a similar effect in the shoe industry; that a Negro accompanied Peary at the discovery of the North Pole; and that the first American fatality in World War II was a Negro.

NEGRO history's coming of age springs from no single cause. In recent decades anthropology and related fields have exploded racial myths. Thoughtful people have sensed the peril inherent in the kind of racist dogma that helped to spawn a Hitler and to create a Dachau. And the Negro's own stepped-up drive for equal status since World War II has called for a revitalized study of our country's past. In the larger cities—New York, Washington, Detroit, and Los Angeles, among others—colored parents have requested that social studies books used in the public schools deal adequately and fairly with minorities. Because they now know their past better, Negroes are no longer ashamed of it. Gone is the defensive, apologetic tone.

Another reason for the new Negro history is the changing historical image of Africa. "The existence of African history has, in recent years, achieved widespread recognition," writes Robert I. Rotberg of Harvard, in his authoritative *Political History of Tropical Africa*. No longer is it tenable to believe that when the Europeans first ventured down the African coastline in the mid-1400s, they found the natives living in barbarism and savagery. No longer can it be said that when the ancestor of the American Negro arrived in the New World he was "culturally naked."

In the last twenty-five years a growing number of white historians have viewed the Negro from new and fresh angles. These include Dwight L. Dumond, an authority on the abolition movement and the ante bellum free Negro; Kenneth M. Stampp, who portrayed slavery and the slave somewhat differently from the traditional viewpoint; James M. McPherson, who saw the Civil War Negro as a participant rather than as a spectator; and C. Vann Woodward, whose *The Strange Career of Jim Crow* gave us a new perspective on race relations in the South. The number of articles on the Negro submitted to *The American Historical Review* also is multiplying, according to Henry R. Winkler, managing editor. To write or to read Negro history is now no longer to venture into *terra incognita* or to take an excursion, at one's own risk, through history's underworld.

Why has Negro history been so late in coming into its own, and why in so many quarters are the shores still only dimly seen?

"The use of history is to tell us what we are, for at birth we are merely vessels, and we become what our traditions pour into us," Learned Hand has written. But this phrase, trenchant as it is, requires one major modification: We become what our *traditionalists, i.e.*, our historians, pour into us. Events of the past do not exist of themselves, but only as they reach us via their chroniclers.

Much of history is interpretation. Its most trusted interpreter is, of course, the professionally trained historian, his

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name trailed by clusters of letters. Guardian of the sacred word, he knows that he is expected to bring an objective intelligence to his work—to winnow and sift sensitively and then to relate what it was that actually happened. This is a tall order. For despite his professional training, the historian's own values and beliefs are likely to be intrusive. His own social outlook may give a "personal equation" to his reconstructions of the past. This tendency, however natural, poses a real problem. One who works from what Oliver Wendell Holmes called an "inarticulate major premise" may well wind up with something less than the whole truth. History then becomes image-making with footnotes, its brush strokes blurred by what logicians call the fallacy of initial predication.

Such historical introspectionism has inevitably worked to the detriment of the various minority groups in America—the Asiatics, the Spanish-speaking peoples, and immigrants from southern Europe—all of whom have been treated as "out-groups." Negroes, especially, have been the objects of this narrow-mindedness on the part of historians. Speaking in 1840, Henry Highland Garnet, then beginning a long career as a militant clergyman, clearly stated the problem: "All other races are permitted to travel over the wide fields of history and pluck the flowers that blossom there—to glean up heroes, philosophers, sages, and poets, and put them into a galaxy of brilliant genius; but if a black man attempts to do so, he is met at the threshold by the objection, 'You have no ancestry behind you.'"

A RESEARCHER is often engaged in a subconscious mission, his conclusions already lodged in the back of his head. He has, in Herbert Butterfield's words, "a magnet in his mind," one that impels him to extract from the documents such data as fit into a framework already fashioned. When, as he combs the sources, this researcher comes across a reference to Negroes, he turns the page as though it were blank. When one goes fishing for facts, writes historian Edward Hallett Carr, what he catches will depend partly on chance, but primarily upon other factors, such as "the part of the ocean he chooses to fish in," the kind of tackle he selects, and the kind of fish he wants to catch. And, to take Carr's figure a step further, an unwanted specimen is likely to be quickly thrown back into the water.

As often as not this mind-set of the historian takes the form of glorifying his own. Historians are not immune to ancestor worship. To puff up one's own ethnic group is not the exclusive province of a Hitler (whose favorite subject was history). As practitioners of the dictum, "Be to her faults a little blind,/ Be to her virtues very kind," historians tend to reflect rather than to correct the group mores. This ethnocentric attitude has had serious implications for the Negro. Since American history has been written, in the main, by men of old English stock, the role of the Negro could hardly come in for a rounded appraisal. Such a historian felt no kinship with the colored people, no identity. To glorify one's own is certainly no sin, but in a many-faceted culture such as America's this in-group emphasis may amount to a denigration of other component population elements.

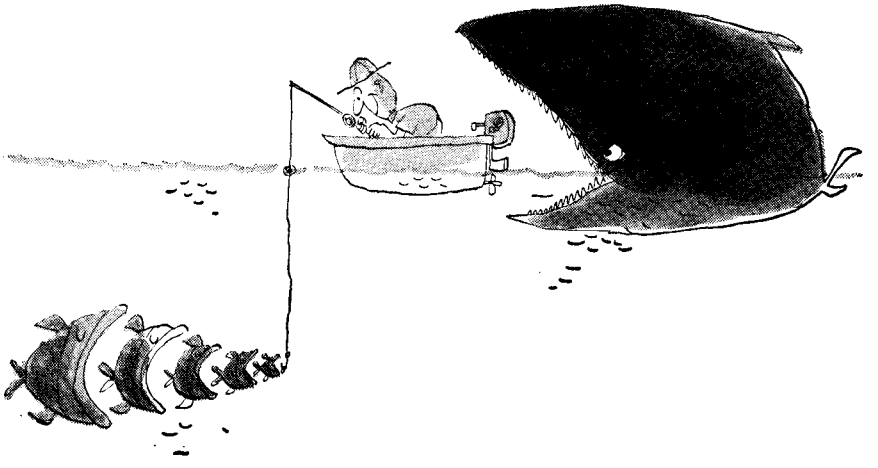
Four years ago the American Historical Association and two of its counterparts in Great Britain—the Historical Association of England and Wales, and the British Association for America Studies—agreed to launch a joint Anglo-American study entitled, "National Bias in the School Books of the United Kingdom and the United States." History teachers had long been strongly suspicious that a strong national slant characterized the textbooks of both America and England; it hardly need be added that the joint committee of historians found (in their recently published book, *The Historian's Contribution to Anglo-American Misunderstanding*) this to be true to some degree in every one of the thirty-six works put under examination. If two nations as close as these have reason to be concerned about the textbook bias each shows against the other, imagine, if you will, the kind of attitudes that English and American textbook writers might exhibit toward peoples of another color, peoples with whom they discerned few ties and felt no sense of community.

An almost complementary refrain to group glorification has been the historian's tendency to take his cue from the civilization or culture that is currently dominant. For the past five centuries the dominant peoples and nations have been of Germanic-tribes origin and have been located in Europe. Nobody can touch the historian for hindsight—he knows to begin with "where the bodies are buried." He knows that for half a millennium the nations of Western Europe were destined to predominate. Thus, it is natural for him to have a Europocentric view of the modern world, to believe that non-Western cultures were below par if not permanently inferior. Less blatantly, but no less surely, writers of history have shared Tennyson's belief, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

The fact that these dominant nations of Europe were white was bound to make a deep impression on observers. Europe was equated with white, which in turn was equated with civilization and progress. Non-European was equated with non-white, which in turn meant outside the pale—stagnant if not primitive, lesser breeds standing in long-time tutelage to Western man. These assumptions, reflected in the writings of generation after generation of historians, certainly did the Negro no service.

The belief in white superiority has been fully shared by historians. No less than other Americans, they have found it possible to subscribe simultaneously to the all-men-are-created-equal dictum of the Declaration of Independence and the theory of "divine-right white." Hence, the historian's treatment of the Negro has been more of a conditioned reflex than of an examined premise.

It follows, then, that the great majority of historians have operated under the assumption that the role of the Negro in American life was hardly worth considering. They believed that the Negro contributed very little to our country's history, and, if asked whether on the whole the Negro has been an asset or a liability, they would have answered quickly, as if no reflection were required. Basically an "unperson," the Negro was viewed by the historian as part of a monolithic mass that was to be classified as the cause of something or the effect on



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something—with causes and effects, however varied, being alike in one respect: their threat to the general welfare, the common good.

Moreover, the sources used by historians reflected the currently unflattering attitude toward the Negro. No concept was more deeply rooted in American thought than that of Negro inferiority. Whites who crossed the color line were publicly punished. Within a dozen years after the first Negroes landed at Jamestown, the Virginia court ordered one Hugh Sidey to be whipped for "defiling his body in lying with a Negro." From the beginning Negroes were not thought to be assimilable; they were not considered fellow parishioners in the church or even fellow roisterers at the tavern.

This conviction of Negro inequality was strong throughout colonial America. Even in New England, with its sparse colored population, the free Negro was placed on a different footing from others, reflecting the view that he was inferior. Phillis Wheatley, bred in Boston although born in Africa, took note, on the eve of the Revolutionary War, of the prevailing attitude toward the Negro:

> Some view our sable race with
> scornful eye,
> "Their colour is a diabolic die."

The Founding Fathers, revered by historians for over a century and a half, did not conceive of the Negro as part of the body politic. Theoretically, these men believed in freedom for everyone, but in actuality they found it hard to imagine a society in which Negroes were of equal status to whites. Jefferson, who was far more liberal than the run of his contemporaries, was nevertheless certain "that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government."

In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, most of the people of the United States were tolerant of slavery. Southern spokesmen assured all who would listen that the Negro, by color, culture, and nature, was peculiarly fitted for slavery. Indeed, it was for him an upward step in civilization, plus a sheltered way of life. Writing as late as 1929, the authoritative U. B. Phillips stated that "the home of a planter or of a well-to-do townsman was likely to be 'a magnificent Negro boarding-house,' at which an indefinite number of servants and their dependents and friends were fed."

THE corrosive race issue inevitably entered into the historian's treatment of the Civil War and Reconstruction. Most historians, having an aristocratic conception of tragedy, were more deeply moved by the suffering of the rich than that of the poor. Hence, it is not surprising that the misfortunes of the bankrupt and ruined planters would evoke a sympathetic response. The race issue emerged more pointedly in the historian's assessment of the trying Reconstruction decade. He tended to identify with the defeated and stricken white Southerner, rather than with the newly freed Negro people. Therefore, he was prepared to accept at face value the appraisal of Reconstruction formulated by fellow guildsmen such as William A. Dunning, Walter L. Fleming, and John W. Burgess.

Southern sympathizers to the core, these writers made the Negro the whipping boy of Reconstruction. Their charges were familiar: Negro legislators wasted money or stole it; the Negro was given the ballot but he didn't know what to do with it. To an ex-Confederate soldier such as Burgess, who exerted a strong influence on Reconstruction historiography, nothing good could come from the Negro. "A black skin," he wrote, "means membership in a race of men which never of itself succeeded in subjecting passion to reason."

Turn-of-the-century historians shared the Burgess viewpoint. The new imperialism of the Western powers, starting in the 1870s, reached this country in the 1890s with the Spanish-American War. With it came the concept of the "white man's burden"—the mission to spread Anglo-Saxon civilization to backward peoples in far-away places. Applying the Darwinian theory of evolution to social development, historians now discovered added support for their belief in the basic inequality of dark-skinned peoples.

For the next third of a century—down to the eve of World War II—American historical thought and expression were pervaded by a justification of Jim Crow, whether by a Virginian such as Philip A. Bruce or a Californian such as H. H. Bancroft, historian of the West. Like their predecessors, these interpreters of the past would have scoffed at the charge that they were prejudiced. To them the inferiority of the Negro was an undeniable fact, not an assumption, and certainly not a manifestation of bigotry.

The prejudgment of the scholar has not been the only hurdle for Negro history. There were more conscious considerations, such as the paucity of source materials. John Chavis of the Detroit Historical Museum has posed the problem of the researcher in Negro history. "Where are the diaries, the family Bibles, the correspondence in fancy script tied in dusty bundles? Where are the silver services, the porringers, the samplers, the furniture dark and glossy, the oil portraits of awesome ancestors?"

HISTORY is written from the viewpoint of the articulate, of those who had the foresight to put their thoughts on paper. Unless records of an event or a person exist in sufficient supply, the historian is handicapped, his emphasis may lack balance, and his conclusions must be that much more tentative.

Much of the historical information about Negroes must be dug out; it is not readily available in printed form as are papers of the Presidents or other men of great place—the Hamiltons, Clays, and Calhouns. The Negro has not been articulate in a literary sense; indeed, he was relatively unlettered and hence lacking in a literary tradition. And those Negroes who could read and write were not fully aware of the importance of preserving records—minutes, letters, and fugitive publications. The problem, too, of Negro history is that the Negro, unlike many of the later arrivals in America, never had a foreign press; his past has been so interwoven with the American past as to make it difficult to separate the strands. [See "The Racial News Gap," *SR*, August 13.]

Another conscious consideration in Negro history-writing is the matter of dollars and cents. A historian likes to feel that his manuscript will attract publishers and readers; he may shy from

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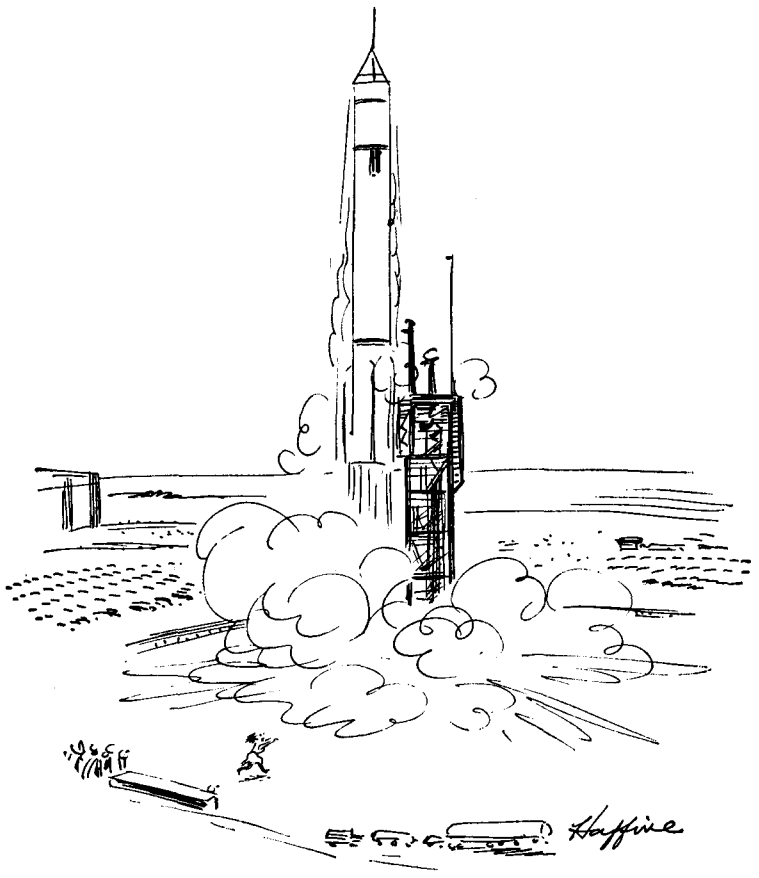
a topic that would seem to present abnormal difficulties in getting attention. The questions that run in the mind of the historian are down-to-earth: "If I were to tackle subject X, who would finance research on this kind of topic? Who would publish it? Who would buy it?" A manuscript with a limited sales potential may never see print, no matter how meritorious or path-breaking.

Negro history manuscripts have been prominent among those lacking pocketbook appeal. Manuscripts that challenged deeply held beliefs about the Negro have not been welcomed by publishers, who have not wished to antagonize potential white buyers, particularly in the sensitive South. Even in more liberal centers booksellers have been skittish about Negro-history titles, feeling that the demand would be small.

This hesitancy by white publishers and authors concerning Negro history had the predictable effect of making Negroes bestir themselves. As early as 1883 this desire to bring to public attention the untapped material on the Negro prompted George Washington Williams to publish his two-volume *History of the Negro Race in America from 1619 to 1880.* A many-sided man—soldier, theologian, lawyer, public officeholder—Williams was hailed as a "Negro Bancroft." His effort was a worthy one, although his style was grandiloquent.



"The car keys, Arthur, you've got the car keys!"

THE first formally trained Negro historian was W. E. B. Du Bois, whose doctoral dissertation, published in 1895 (*The Suppression of the African Slave-Trade to the United States of America. 1638-1870),* became the first title to be published in the Harvard Historical Studies. Du Bois was not destined to give independent scholarship his chief devotion; turning to civil rights, he became one of the founders of the *NAACP,* and editor of its organ, *The Crisis.*

It was with Carter G. Woodson, another Harvard Ph.D., that Negro history took a quantum leap. Convinced that unless something were done to rescue the Negro from history's oversight, he would become "a negligible factor in the thought of the world," Woodson, in 1915, founded the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. During the preceding twenty years an American Negro Academy had been founded in Washington, and a Negro Society for Historical Research had appeared in New York. But these organizations had lacked a Woodson. In 1916, he began publication of a scholarly quarterly, *The Journal of Negro History.* To bring out book-length studies, Woodson, in 1920, organized the Associated Publishers, with himself as president of the board of trustees.

Writers for Woodson's publication strove for objectivity, to avoid chauvinism or overstatement. They knew that their books and articles would be received with some puzzlement by Negro glorifiers—black supremacists who, in the words of A. A. Schomburg, "glibly tried to prove that half of the world's geniuses have been Negroes and to trace the pedigree of nineteenth-century Americans from the Queen of Sheba." ("Lord, forgive me if my need/Sometimes shapes a human creed," wrote the Negro poet, Countee Cullen.)

NEGRO historians had to be careful because they knew that the data they presented often seemed incredible to the reader, being so unexpected. But the care exercised by the professionally trained Negro historian was no guarantee that he would be read. This problem of a slim audience for histories written by Negroes was eloquently stated by George A. Myers, a Cleveland barbershop proprietor who personally knew the great historian, James Ford Rhodes, and asked him to give credit in his widely read writings to the valor of the Negroes who had fought in the Civil War. "Negro historians might write until their hands palsied, and all they might write would not be given the credence of one chapter in your history," wrote Myers, a Negro himself. "Plainly speaking, it makes a difference who says it." Rhodes ignored Myers's Macedonian cry in 1915. But since then, as has been noted, the picture has changed.

The new emphasis on the Negro as a contributing participant to American life since he arrived on these shores does not require that historians undergo professional retraining. Historians will continue to view the past from the vantage point of the present (as if there were any other way) and they will continue to take pride in their own country or group (as if there were anything wrong with this, within reason). Nor, as desirable as it might be, can we expect most historians to enter into the thinking and the feelings of people they regard as different from themselves.

But the careful reader, of whatever hue himself, has a right to expect that the historian recognize that the record of the colored American has something to add to the knowledge and understanding of our country's past, something to add to the story of human collaboration and interdependence. Readers have a right to expect that the historian be led to examine more closely anti-minority assumptions that may have crept into his thinking.

To say that the historian is morally accountable would be gratuitous. But to the extent that he helps to shape the national character in a pluralistic land such as ours, to that extent a special responsibility may inescapably be his.

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Report from Geneva

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The editor of SR has been in Geneva where he has taken soundings at the Conference of the Eighteen-Nation Disarmament Committee of the United Nations.*

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

A SENSE OF SHOCK and revulsion seizes the world when a young man, laden with gun and ammunition, mounts a college tower and proceeds to slaughter people at random. There seems to be little concern, however, about a rapidly developing world situation in which the sky itself could become an atomic gun-mount with the entire human race vulnerable and exposed to nuclear holocaust. What gives the matter special point is that the world has not yet found an adequate way of safeguarding human society against irrational decisions and actions on the level where nation confronts nation.

Here at Geneva, representatives of a special United Nations committee have been meeting for the purpose of finding some way of keeping modern weaponry under control. The delegates recognize that the continued development and spread of nuclear explosives and missiles can create a situation, not too far distant, when "civilization" will be forced to move underground in order to cope with the ceaseless threat of a sudden hurricane of nuclear fire.

Two specific areas were marked out for possible agreement by the Geneva Conference. One involved a halt to the further spread of nuclear weapons. The second involved an extension of the present ban on nuclear testing to all environments, whether in the air, sea, outer space, or underground.

At the start of the current session last January, there seemed to be reasonable grounds for believing that effective agreement was possible in both areas. Of all nations, the United States and the Soviet Union had most to lose by the proliferation of nuclear weapons. Both countries had spent enormous sums on their nuclear arsenals in pursuit of a commanding world position. If, therefore, a dozen or more countries were to build or acquire nuclear weapons, the practical effect would be to reduce heavily, and perhaps ultimately to wipe out, the military superiority of the major nuclear powers. To be sure, these major powers would continue to possess superior stockpiles, but the significance of such superiority would be measured more in terms of prestige than military might, since a relatively small number of nuclear weapons could destroy any nation, large or small. Hence it seemed inconceivable that the United States and the Soviet Union would lose any time in reaching agreement on the best way to slam the door on the spread of nuclear weapons. And if these two nations could agree, it was not considered likely that other nations would stand in the way of general agreement.

Similarly, a comprehensive test-ban agreement was regarded by the U.N. delegates as being in the best interests of both the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Underground testing is prodigiously expensive. The refinements in the size and type of nuclear weapons produced would not be enough to offset the cost or the grim consequences of a world nuclear arms race.

But the expected agreements on non-proliferation and on a comprehensive test ban have not materialized at Geneva. The two nations that stood to gain most by agreement have been unable to agree.

ON the non-proliferation issue, the United States took the position that atomic weapons could not be excluded from the arsenals of its military alliances. The Soviet Union took the position that the United States was proposing a treaty containing a loophole that would give West Germany access to nuclear weapons.

Thus the problem at Geneva was not just the need to work out the precise details of a treaty but to deal with the reality of Germany. In private discussions with other delegates, the Russians expressed their bewilderment at the attitude of the Americans. They found it inconceivable that the United States should permit West Germany to rearm at all, let alone be part of a nuclear force and perhaps even have access to the atomic trigger. Twenty million dead Russians in one war—quite apart from the toll of previous wars—represented enough reasons to oppose any treaty which would make an exception for the one nation which, the Russians insisted, could not be trusted with access to overwhelming force.

The Americans have replied by saying, first, that their draft proposal would not have the effect of giving West Germany command of any nuclear switchboard, and that, second, it is a serious error to assume that what has happened before will necessarily happen again; Germany today is not the Germany of the Thirties.

The Russian rejoinder is that the United States itself has publicly assured its NATO allies that they are full military partners. If the United States is to be taken at its word, say the Russians, NATO becomes the loophole through which West Germany becomes a nuclear power. And if the United States contends there is no danger of a revival of German militarism, they add, it is ignoring the evidence of a neo-Nazism observed by the German press itself.

In any case, the Russians say they are not prepared to sign a nuclear non-proliferation treaty that implicitly or explicitly excludes West Germany. Finally, the Russians profess to be mystified by the fact that their own proposed draft for a non-proliferation treaty has been virtually ignored by the United States. They would like their draft to have detailed study and consideration. They would like some indication by the Americans that the Russian draft even exists. Moreover, the Russians believe it is now

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their turn to furnish a document that will be regarded by the Americans as a basic draft, since it was the American draft that was accepted by the Russians as the basis for the test-ban treaty.

THE despair at Geneva produced by this state of affairs was relieved, at least temporarily, when Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara some weeks ago proposed a consultation procedure inside NATO on the use of nuclear weapons.

Behind the scenes, influential Russians have indicated that this formula might be satisfactory to their government. They have been waiting for the United States to incorporate the McNamara formula in its official proposals. The fact that the United States has not done so has been interpreted, not just by the Russians but by other delegates here, as evidence of a difference of opinion within the ranks of the U.S. policy-makers.

Americans in key positions have attempted to offset this impression by getting word through to the Russians that the United States might be prepared to revise its draft to reflect the McNamara view if the Russians would provide some specific indication that they would respond affirmatively to such a proposal.

Through the same intermediaries, informal word has come back to the Americans that the Soviet delegation feels such an approach is too iffy. The Russians contend they cannot reasonably be expected to provide advance response to a proposal that is not official and that in fact has not been fully formed.

The American reply is that the United States is understandably reluctant to introduce drastic new proposals unless it knows there is some point to the exercise.

Again, the Russians say the Americans have not hesitated to introduce any number of other new ideas and approaches, such as a plan for scientific detection of violations to go along with the new U.S. proposal for a cutoff in the production of fissionable materials for weapon purposes. Since the Americans did not think it important to find out in advance what the Russian reaction would be in this case, the Russians see no reason to follow a different procedure with respect to the McNamara proposal.

The Russians privately add that the failure of the U.S. Government to follow up Secretary McNamara's consultation formula may actually reflect a new American decision to accept all the perils of a world-wide dissemination of nuclear weapons rather than to face up to the awkward and difficult political situation involved in standing up to the Germans. As confirmation, the Russians point to a recent article by John W. Finney, in *The New York Times*, saying that Washington, once eager to have non-proliferation, has cooled off considerably.

In short, the Soviet assessment of the present American position is that the United States attaches greater importance to the need to avoid disturbing its relationship with Bonn than to the need to check the spread of nuclear weapons.

When this interpretation is called to the attention of the Americans, the response is that the Russian estimate is wide of the mark. True, the United States intends to maintain good relations with Bonn, but it has no intention of putting nuclear weapons in German hands or of barring Germany from responsible participation in NATO. As for *The New York Times* article, the Americans say the Russians persistently make the mistake of measuring U.S. newspaper "background" articles by their own controlled-press yardstick. But the Americans privately admit that the absence of any counter-statement or denial at the time of publication did serious harm—not just among the Russians but among members of other delegations.

If the Russians really want to find out whether the United States is serious about wanting a non-proliferation treaty, say the Americans, then let them accept the U.S. proposal. True, such a treaty would not satisfy the Russians about Germany, but at least it would have the effect of setting up some barriers against the infinitely precarious spread of atomic force. Moreover, such a treaty could create a positive momentum and might lead before long to a better answer on Germany than now seems attainable.

The Russians concede there is apparent logic in the argument that even an imperfect non-proliferation treaty is better than none, but they contend it is even more logical to suppose that an exception made for West Germany now will harden rather than soften with the passage of time. And the Russians can conceive of no greater danger to them —or to the rest of the world—than a resurgence of German militarism with access, direct or indirect, to atomic force. Besides, the ability of West Germany to create situations that can force the hand of the United States is something the Russians believe has not been taken sufficiently into account.

And so the argument goes, round and round like a giant waterwheel, requiring only the slightest impetus to keep it turning and always coming back to the same point.

What do the other delegates think —the delegates from the other sixteen nations who have been meeting in Geneva? How do they assess the American and Soviet positions?

The dominant feeling in the closing sessions of the Geneva Conference is one of sadness at another great opportunity missed. This feeling is somewhat tempered, however, by the recollection that the test-ban negotiations leading ultimately to a successful treaty seemed at times even more inconclusive and futile than the current multilateral negotiations over non-proliferation. Yet once President Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev, in direct exchange, were able to establish the fact of a common serious intent to do away with atmospheric tests, and were able to agree on the *broad* outlines of a treaty, all the intricate spadework and detailed discussions that had gone into the previous U.N. Disarmament negotiations suddenly became highly essential and useful. Similarly, many of the delegates at Geneva feel that the key to any non-proliferation treaty, or an enlargement of the present test-ban, is in the hands of President Johnson and Premier Kosygin. The delegates feel they have gone as far as they

Nobody Knows

By Nelson Algren

Madras 1962

NOBODY knows how many people there are in Calcutta
Nobody knows how many cats there are in Madras
Why do crows pursue hawks in Bombay
When it's the hawks that pursue the crows
In every other port?

All that we can be certain of at the moment
Is that there are going to be more cats at this time tomorrow
In Madras.
All that we may with confidence assert is that if the crows keep it up
There are going to be fewer hawks at this time tomorrow
In Bombay.

All that we may now safely venture
Is that at this time tomorrow
There are going to be more people
On The-Committee-For-Counting-Cats-In-Madras
Than there are today.

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can go in the basic groundwork and in attending to the point-by-point details. They do not believe their work has been entirely wasted or is without significance —once there is a summit understanding between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

Some of the delegates attach high value to proposals made by the United States in the closing days of the conference. In particular, they believe that the U.S. offer of a plant-by-plant shutdown of nuclear manufacturing installations should be kept alive. They are also impressed by the U.S. description of a new detection system for monitoring a cutoff in the production of fissionable materials for weapons purposes.

At the same time, some of the same delegates say that these U.S. proposals, impressive though they are, would have shown to even greater advantage if they had not been put forward during the non-proliferation debate. They feel the U.S. might have waited until the outlines of a non-proliferation treaty were completed.

In procedural terms, this would appear to make good sense. Certainly the United States should have done everything possible to avoid any impression that its new proposals were in any sense diversionary or obfuscating, however meritorious they may have been in themselves.

Questions of procedure and sequence aside, however, one fact that emerged above all other facts at Geneva is that nothing concerned with peace can be kept separate from anything else concerned with peace. In the long run, attempts to halt the spread of nuclear weapons cannot be divorced from the problems arising out of continued possession and manufacture of nuclear weapons by nations that already have them. The smaller nations with a potential nuclear capacity see little justice or sense in a situation that deprives them of the right to initiate manufacture but does nothing to deprive the nuclear nations of the right to continue manufacturing and stockpiling. Also, the non-nuclear nations object to a situation in which they would be barred from any future nuclear development while the nuclear nations would be left free to make new kinds of nuclear weapons.

Non-proliferation, therefore, is tied to a comprehensive test-ban, just as a comprehensive test-ban is tied to other potent forms of warfare using chemical and biological weapons. And all are related to the total problem of disarmament; just as disarmament is related to the circumstances that make disarmament possible.

Germany is only one case in point. Communist China is another. India over the years has disavowed any intention of joining the nuclear club. The development of nuclear capacity by China, plus the eruption of fighting along the Chinese-Indian border, plus the present activity by China in helping Pakistan in nuclear development—all this has given India some sober second thoughts about nuclear abstention.

Japan, too, confronted by the stern fact of geography with respect to Communist China, feels some compulsion to develop its own nuclear muscle.

Egypt and Israel are also potentially capable of making nuclear explosives. Any move by one in this direction will produce a heightened response by the other. Sweden could make the bomb if it wanted to and has already served notice on the large nations that their failure to arrive at atomic control measures among themselves could well result in a reversal of Sweden's traditional reluctance to get into advanced arsenals. At least six other nations could make nuclear weapons within a decade.

In a very real sense, the world nightmare dreaded for so many years has already come to pass. The United States, Great Britain, France, the Soviet Union, and Communist China, representing the five most powerful nations in the world, all have nuclear weapons. Only a fraction of the atomic explosives already stockpiled could destroy not just all life on earth but the conditions that make life possible.

IN retrospect, the most serious failing in history is chargeable to those who were in a position in 1945, at the end of the Second World War, to pursue world controls over the development and spread of nuclear force. In the United States, the emphasis was on the pursuit rather than the control of atomic force. The Soviet Union was committed to an all-out effort to offset the U.S. nuclear advantage. Indeed, the Soviet Union exploded a hydrogen bomb before the United States did.

But ruminations over the growing materialization of a nightmare are without point. The only point is to find out what can be done now. Another disarmament conference would serve only to vibrate from the small to the large; from the particular to the general; from the military to the political; from partial to comprehensive; from the immediates to the ultimates; from the individual nation to the alliance; from the alliance to the world.

Therefore, other initiatives are essential. The first step is not a cosmic one. It calls for the President of the United States and the Premier of the Soviet Union to enter into direct communication on the non-proliferation issue. If the President agrees with Secretary McNamara's consultation-rather-than-possession formula for solving the German question, it is reasonable to believe the two countries can come to general agreement. If they do so reasonably soon, other nations are likely to withdraw their own demands or objections. The standby details of a treaty worked out at Geneva can be brought forward by way of expediting agreement on the minor issues.

The second step is for the United States to seek high-level agreement on a comprehensive test-ban. Underground explosions have too small a yield for the cost involved. The Soviet insists that existing scientific instrumentation, operated at great distances, rules out the need for on-site inspection. The United States wants physical verification. A possible compromise may be found in the recommendations of the recent Toronto Conference, held under the combined auspices of the American Assembly of Columbia University, the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, the Institute for Strategic Studies, and the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Experts from various countries, including the United States and the Soviet Union, participated in the unofficial Conference. They were able to agree on the feasibility of a remote detection system plus a procedure of "challenge-and-response" as a way of ending the present inspection deadlock. This recommendation, and indeed the full report of the Toronto Conference, warrant serious official consideration as the basis for effective agreement.

But even agreements on non-proliferation and test-ban enlargement, important and consequential though they may be, are only part of a far wider need. That need is to create a new context for a workable peace. The present context is one in which the foreign policies of individual nations have right of way over the ability of the United Nations to deal with the tensions or conflicts produced by those same national policies. Therefore the United Nations must be brought to full strength—in procedures, powers, membership. For the world requires a better mechanism than it now has for preventing conflict or for dealing with it whenever and wherever it arises.

THE U.N. will never be a cure-all. But at least it should be able to act with a reasonable degree of effectiveness in behalf of the common interests of the world's peoples, a function that no single nation is equipped either to define or discharge by itself.

For the United States to realize its greatest power and security, it has only to become an eloquent and persistent advocate for such a United Nations. This is the kind of advocacy that carries with it the full resonance of American history and the prospect of a wider response than most men now dare hope. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Reflections About Mr. Malik

PROFESSOR MALIK'S article, "Reflections on the Great Society" [*SR*, Aug. 6], not only revives my hopes for the human race but also restores my faith in college professors.

(Mrs.) RUTH M. LEVITSKY,
Assistant Professor of English,
St. Jerome's College.
Waterloo, Ont.

I FIND IT disturbing that such a distinguished professor of philosophy as Mr. Malik would suggest that people "develop a horror of the abstract." The process of abstraction enables Man to form concepts. Literally, to develop a "horror of the abstract" is to develop a horror of thinking! At first it seemed to contradict statements made in a preceding paragraph: "The *political* and *ideological* cannot be neglected any longer . . . practical pursuits have millions of advocates, but I wish to make the strongest plea for the support of *theory.*" There is no trace of "horror of the abstract" in these lines. Instead, there is an explicit horror of the concrete, which is Professor Malik's exclusion of himself from the millions of advocates of "practical pursuits."

An astonishing conclusion can be drawn from this. The future "Great Society" will permit a few men to spin theories (without reference to reality), to keep the majority "passionately" concrete-bound — that is, without conceptual knowledge!

The real horror is Professor Malik's advocation of floating abstractions and unintegrated concretes.

MISS ALICE CONNELL.
Imperial Beach, Calif.

MAY I EXPRESS my gratitude for Charles Malik's eloquent and incisive article pointing us to the roots which at once underlie and transcend the social order.

(THE REV.) BRUCE M. STEPHENS,
Gladstone Methodist Church.
Gladstone, N.J.

IN A WORLD in which it is fashionable to reiterate that God is dead and life is absurd, readers meet almost with shock when a first-rate national magazine gives space to such sentiments as that the battle today is for the soul and the mind. In a press in which the vocal minority speak for materialism, atheism, perversion, and hedonism, Mr. Malik speaks up for "gentleness and consideration, for patience and understanding, obedience and fidelity, friendship and love." He is not proposing a new theory, a new ism, "only begging people not to forget their origins—in a sense not to forget their God."

(MRS.) DOROTHY BETTS KIERNAN.
Meriden, Conn.

THE MAGNIFICENT ARTICLE by Charles Malik was marred for many by the tiresome old assumption that there can be no spiritual values without belief in God. This is unkind to all those who cherish all the social and moral values which Malik names, but find the God-idea unconvincing. Can a man not love democracy, justice, mercy and all the rest simply because these things are good in themselves? Must we first decide how the universe originated before we know good from bad?

E. C. VANDERLAAN.
San Francisco, Calif.

I AGREE whole-heartedly with Mr. Malik's plea for the support of theory, the humanities, and liberal education. These are the things that count and that must be made to count. But, I must also agree with E. M. Forster: "I cannot believe that Christianity will ever cope with the present world-wide mess." Mr. Malik seems to think that religion and the humanities must walk hand in hand in their mission. But, I don't think we can count on religion's aid, not anymore; not unless the enlightened few can lock up change in a cage; not unless the acknowledgement of the truths of science can be confined to the scientists.

This is why the humanities are so important. The humanizing truths of literature can reach the souls of those that religion cannot. Matthew Arnold had a theory that literature could replace religion. Perhaps he was right. But, at any rate, literature will, for the most part, have to make it alone. But please, Mr. Malik (and President Johnson), let us not expect any miracles.

IRENE PERLOFF.
Lexington, Mass.

"Your 1040 will be contested this year."

Film Censorship Abroad

I HAPPENED TO READ Arthur Knight's review of the Karlovy Vary Film Festival [*SR*, Aug. 6] just before attending *The Russians Are Coming* and had it in mind throughout the movie. It is a pity that the film was not admitted to the Iron Curtain festival. It was a delightful and refreshing spoof on, among other things, provincialism and certain (obvious to those who have seen it) American groups; and it is probably much more offensive to those groups than it would have been to the Russians had the festival officials let them see it.

R. G. PERKY.
Moscow, Idaho.

Maps for the World

RLT'S EDITORIAL ON UNESCO'S increasingly effective efforts to combat illiteracy [*SR*, July 30] must be greeted with hurrahs by all concerned. In a recent six-week trip to the Far East with my husband (a member of the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO), we saw many evidences of UNESCO's success in this, and other, areas.

One unique educational request was made by Miss Fanny Adarna, an officer of UNICEF in Manila. She is convinced that maps and globes in the classrooms of her country would do much to educate children and adults alike, whether or not they can read, in the relationship of their own country to the rest of the world.

MRS. BRUNO V. BITKER.
Milwaukee, Wisc.

At Issue with Henry Brandon

I AM SURPRISED that a usually well informed observer such as Henry Brandon could imply in his column of July 30 that the forthcoming elections in South Vietnam can "give legitimacy to a South Vietnamese Government." Doesn't Mr. Brandon know that Communists and neutralists are ineligible to run? A South Vietnamese voter who wishes his government to negotiate with the Vietcong, to seek an end to American bombings, or to de-escalate the war would find no candidate to represent

(*Continued on page* 20)

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Variable Sweep Wings: A report from General Dynamics

A major step forward in aircraft design:

This week, several pilots redesigned their airplanes in flight. Shortly after takeoff, each pilot moved a trombone-shaped slide in his cockpit and folded back the wings of his plane.

The ability to do this made the F-111's they were flying the first aircraft that can (1) operate from short landing fields, *and* (2) fly economically for long subsonic cruise ranges or ferry itself across an ocean, *and* (3) strike supersonically at treetop height *or* dash at two-and-a-half times the speed of sound at an altitude of 12 miles.

The key is its variable sweep wing. Today the first 17 developmental F-111's, built by General Dynamics, are daily demonstrating the feasibility of a movable wing—a development that finally makes a truly multipurpose airplane practical.

The matter of flight envelope:

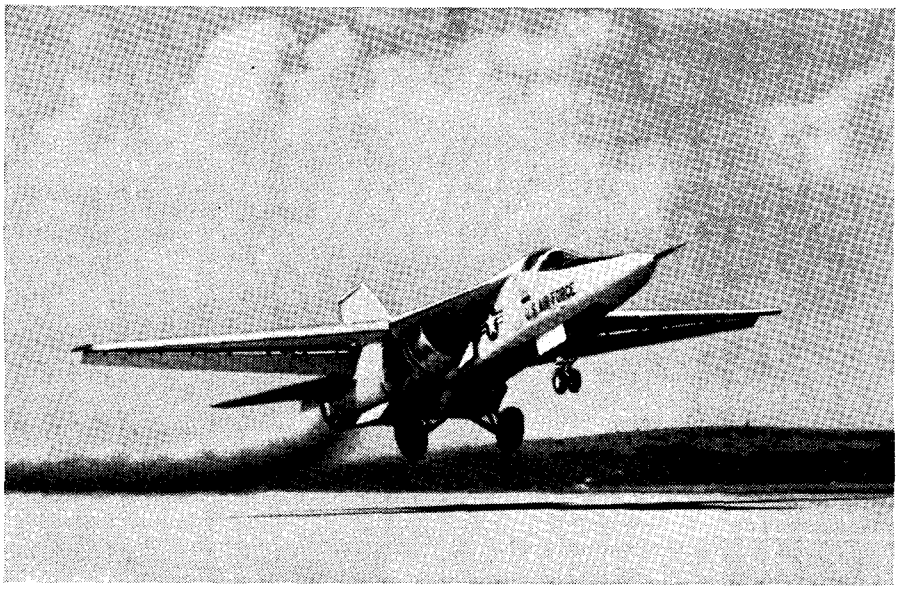
Every aircraft has a specific "envelope"—a set of limitations, or boundaries, of speed and altitude, within which it can operate effectively. The final design of a plane depends upon which of several possible purposes is most important.

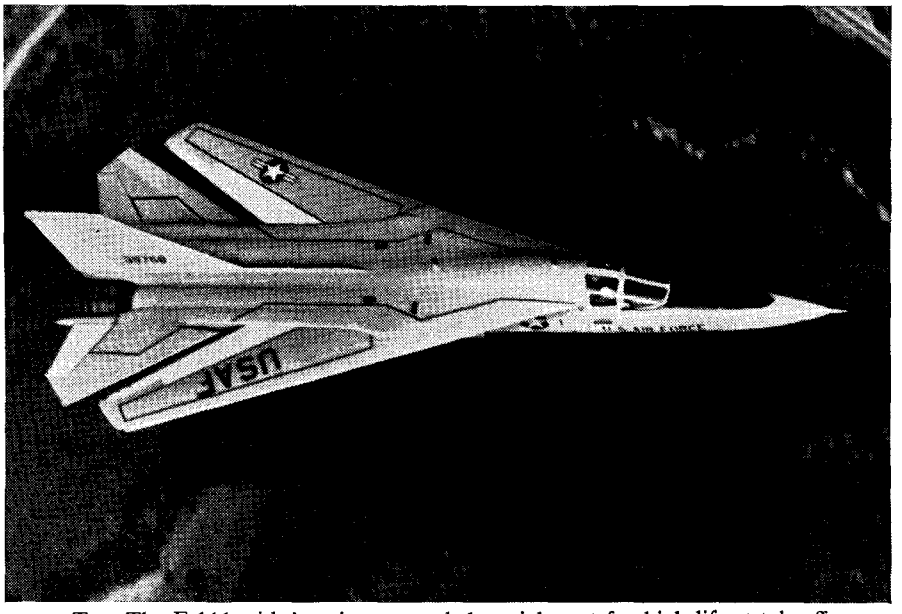
A long wing extended straight out is best for short takeoff and landing, long range and endurance, or high load-carrying characteristics. For the high lift demanded, a large amount of wing surface is needed.

But as speed increases, less lift is needed from the wings. In fact, at high speeds, large wings increase resistance from the air. Such an airplane can be pushed to supersonic speed by brute power, but not efficiently.

This resistance is commonly called drag, and one way to reduce it has been to sweep the wing back. For instance, the modern passenger jet, whose wings are partially swept back, can fly efficiently for long distances just below the speed of sound. But the swept wing provides less lift, and such aircraft need long runways, sometimes up to two miles long, and special braking devices.

Very high speeds—faster than sound—can best be reached with a very small wing, sometimes in a triangle or delta shape. But the still lower lift can require even longer runways, and additional braking devices such as drogue parachutes. The very small wing offers considerably less fuel efficiency for long-range, subsonic flight.





Top: The F-111 with its wings extended straight out for high lift at takeoff.
Bottom: Wings being swept back to allow F-111 to reach supersonic speeds.

Three aircraft in one:

A wing whose position can be changed by a pilot *in flight* gives a single airplane the special talents of all three types. With the wing fully extended, the aircraft has high lift for short takeoff or landing or high-load capacity. With the wings partially swept, efficient long-range subsonic flight becomes practical. Pulling the wings all the way back to their smallest exposed area provides supersonic dash, without having sacrificed either high lift or cruise economy.

Previous—and impractical—attempts to achieve variable wing geometry go all the way back to 1911. The chief problem: an undesirable relationship between center of gravity and center of lift as the wings moved would cause an airplane to nose up and down sharply—become longitudinally unstable.

How it operates:

Not until 1960 did the National Aeronautics and Space Administration conceive the answer to this instability—simultaneously sweeping both wings around separate pivot points which were moved out on the wing root rather

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than having a single pivot in the center of the fuselage. The concept has been refined and developed by General Dynamics through more than 22,000 hours of wind tunnel testing, and more than 25 million man-hours of design and development.

The F-111's variable wing can be moved in flight from its fully extended position (technically with 16° of sweep measured at the leading edge) to a full sweep of 72.5°, with the wings tucked back against (and much of them actually inside) the fuselage for a narrow delta shape. The position of the wings can be set and held at any position between these two extremes, with the pilot himself deciding what wing setting is best for maximum performance in a given set of circumstances. He can normally lever the wings from one extreme to the other in about twenty seconds.

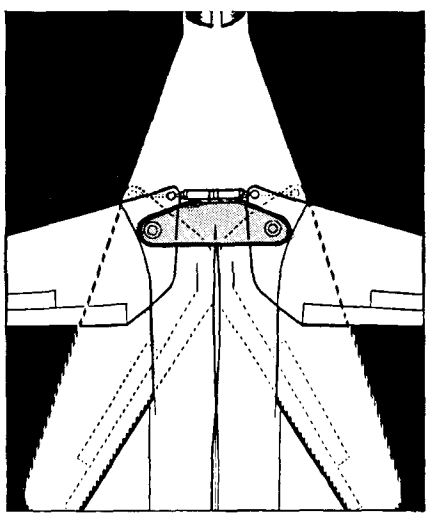
The precision of design is so exact and the wing so balanced that negligible elevator trim is needed to compensate for full sweep of the wing.

Heart of the system:

The heart of the F-111's variable sweep system is a 14-foot steel yoke across the fuselage (see drawing below).

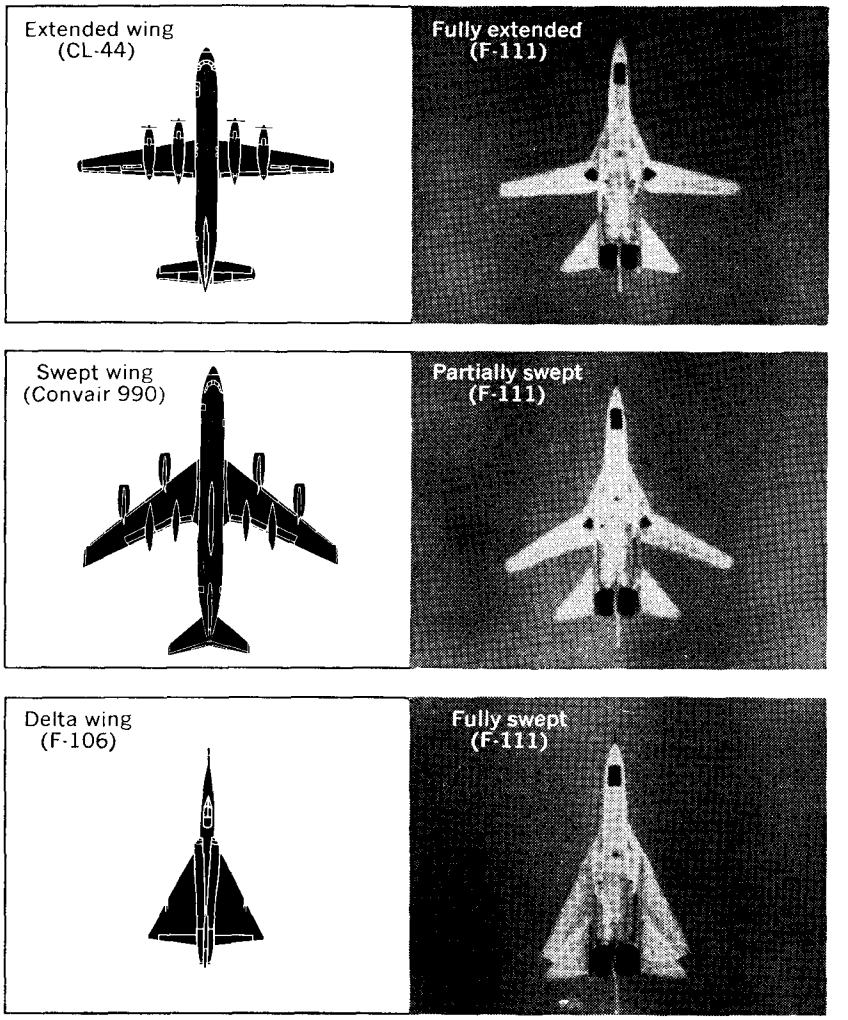
The movable portions of each wing are fastened to the yoke by 8½-inch diameter high-strength steel pivot pins. Forward of the yoke hydraulically powered actuators, responding to the pilot's control selection, move the wings from one position to another.

For additional high lift at takeoff and landing, full span slats and flaps are incorporated into the wing. The wing itself is ingeniously tapered so that much of its area when fully extended is highly cambered—that is, with a relatively thick curve for greater lift—and thin at the area remaining exposed when wings are swept back for high-speed flight.



How the wing works. A 14-foot steel yoke, with its 8½-inch diameter pins, on which the wings pivot, is the heart of the variable sweep winged F-111. The yoke and pins support the whole plane in flight. A jackscrew just forward of the yoke actuates the wings during sweep.

How wing configuration determines flight envelope



Left, top to bottom: Drawings of planes flying today. Extended wing of transport provides relatively short takeoff and landing with heavy loads. Swept wing of passenger liner provides less lift, but allows the plane to fly efficiently just below the speed of sound. Small delta wing of military fighter reduces air resistance (drag) and allows the plane to fly at supersonic speeds.

Right, top to bottom: Photos of the F-111 show how the variable sweep wing gives it the advantages of the extended wing, swept wing and delta wing—all in one plane.

The future for the sweep wing:

Since the Wright Brothers' first breakthrough in the art of manned flight, there have been relatively few major advances in the basic art of airplane building. One was the introduction of light aluminum structures, another the introduction of the turbine—better known as the jet—engine for propulsion.

The variable sweep wing represents a similar major step forward. For any category of aircraft—military, commercial or private—where the combination of very high-speed flight, long economic cruise and high lift for easy takeoff and landing is desired, the variable sweep wing sets the new standard. Even space ships may ultimately incorporate some form of variable geometric wing to make them more maneuverable within different atmospheres.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communication systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

Reprints of this series are available.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020

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Continued from page 17

his views. Furthermore, the decision that a candidate is neutralist or Communist is made by the present military government.

The purpose of the forthcoming election is the election of an Assembly to write a constitution. The election law as written gives the military government the power to write any amendment to the constitution; this is automatically adopted unless it is opposed by two-thirds of the delegates. This entire process makes a farce of democratic procedures.

I. N. WOLFSON, M.D.

Worcester, Mass.

HENRY BRANDON'S COLUMN in your July 30 issue is notably naïve about the prospects of Communist China's future. Chinese influence may be receding "for the time being," as Mr. Brandon states, but it seems to be very certain that, at some future date decided by them, they will again follow their plans for world domination.

Militarily, China is developing an atomic stockpile after having already made successful tests of such weapons; and, we have been told, the Chinese will, in the next decade, have developed systems capable of delivery. And things seem acceptable enough on the home front.

The odds seem to be in Chairman Mao's favor. The Chinese buildup will not quite affect the present generation of leaders—America's teen-aged population of the present seem to be the ones who will be in line to deal with the problem some ten or fifteen years from now. (That is the reason for my concern—I am just turning eighteen years old.)

DOUG DARNOLD.

Bartlesville, Okla.

HENRY BRANDON REFERS, in his worthwhile report from Marlboro, Vermont, in the issue of August 13, to Rudolf Serkin as the brother-in-law of the late Adolf Busch. The correct relationship is son-in-law.

ERWIN SILBER.

Lyndhurst, O.

Bill, Not Joe

HOW FLEETING the limelight of '64 on the GOP candidates. Surely George Faust, in his letter in this column of August 20, should know that it was Bill Miller who ran for Vice President—not Joe.

ELIZABETH COX.

New York, N.Y.

Beauty vs. Sport

CONCERNING the guest editorial by Wallace Stegner, "To Save the Grand Canyon" [*SR*, Aug. 20], surely anyone with any kind of imagination could see this great masterpiece of nature would be destroyed by the drone of powerboats navigated by those who came to the lake for sport only, with little thought to the natural beauty, or the spiritual value, or even the time it took to build such a temple entirely from rock.

LOWELL D. SEAMAN.

Vienna, Va.

The Cover

"The Peaceable Kingdom," by Edward Hicks, c. 1840-45. Courtesy, Brooklyn Museum.

EDWARD HICKS painted some hundred versions of *The Peaceable Kingdom*, the one on the cover having been completed late in his life. That he turned most often to Biblical themes for his paintings is linked to his passion for his Quaker ministry. Most of the work in his shop—the painting of signs, carriages, and milk buckets, and the ornamenting and ciphering of clock faces—went to finance his ministry, especially the trips on horseback to places as distant as Canada or Ohio. He made his home in Newtown, Pennsylvania, and it was there, during periods when business was slow, that he painted his many variations of *The Peaceable Kingdom*.

Hicks began the "Kingdom" oils in response to the bitter schism that developed among the Quakers in the 1820s—over, among other disputes, the degree of literality to be used in interpreting the scriptures. Led by Elias Hicks, Edward Hicks's relative in Long Island and a descendant of Thomas Hicks (the first judge of Hempstead, Long Island), a group called the Hicksites broke away from the Orthodox Quakers, taking their stand for a personal, questing approach to the Bible and for men who became ministers because they were "moved to speak" at the Friends' meetings, rather than because they were elected or hired.

The artist drew on favorite verses from Isaiah XI for *The Peaceable Kingdom* and expressed through his paintings hope for the resolution of the Quaker Separation. In the last stanza of the poem he wrote to accompany his paintings he relates the scriptural passage to a subject of recent history as an example of the fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy:

The wolf with the lambkin dwells in peace
his grim carnivorous thirst for blood will cease;

The beauteous leopard with his restless eye,
shall by the kid in perfect stillness lie;

The calf, the fatling and young lion wild,
shall all be led by one sweet little child;
The cow and the bear shall quietly partake
of the rich food the ear and corn stalk make;

While each their peaceful young with joy survey
as side by side on the green grass they lay;
While the old lion thwarting nature's law
shall eat beside the ox the barley straw.

The illustrious Penn this heaven Kingdom felt
Then with Columbia's native sons he dealt,
Without an oath a lasting treating made
In Christian faith beneath the elm tree's shade.

The paintings are a charmingly literal rendering of the poem, calling to mind illustrations of the Psalms in medieval Psalters; and, indeed, Hicks had a copy of the poem and the verses from Isaiah XI (6, 7, 8) printed on a card for anyone receiving one of his paintings.

Hicks was neither a trained artist, nor was he as sophisticated as Elias Hicks, who inclined toward Unitarianism in his fight against an evangelical acceptance of the scriptures. But he brought to his paintings a superior knowledge of his craft and the same fervor that so affected those who heard him preach.

—TRUDY GILLILAND.

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Books

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25 "With Kennedy," by Pierre Salinger
26 "This Almost Chosen People: Essays in the History of American Ideas," by Russel B. Nye
28 "The Time Between the Wars: Armistice to Pearl Harbor," by Jonathan Daniels
33 "The Journals of Zebulon Montgomery Pike, with Letters and Related Documents," edited by Donald Jackson
34 "From Scotland to Silverado," by Robert Louis Stevenson
35 "Cannibals and Christians," by Norman Mailer
36 "Hog Butcher," by Ronald L. Fair
36 "The Girl in the Black Raincoat," edited by George Garrett
37 "The Road Past Altamont," by Gabrielle Roy

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Search for the Ideal Absurdity

IN THE foreword to *The Absurd Hero in American Fiction* (University of Texas Press, $6) David Galloway writes: "In popular badinage, as in serious literary criticism, 'absurdity' is the *bon mot* if not always the *mot juste* of this decade." It is indeed an indispensable word, used in a variety of ways. Thomas Pynchon, Joseph Heller, John Barth, and J. P. Donleavy are among the many described as novelists of the absurd. In general, it seems to me, the aim of these writers is to find effective ways of communicating their own sense of the absurdity of life. One's first reaction to Pynchon's *V.* or *The Crying of Lot 49*, for example, or Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*, is to say, "Why, this is ridiculous!" And then one asks oneself, "But isn't this what life is like?"

For critical purposes, Galloway makes a sharp distinction: "Absurd literature can be either optimistic or pessimistic; the fundamental and determining issue is whether, in the conflict between man and his 'absurd' environment, man or environment will emerge victorious . . . whether, denied conventional social and religious consolation, man is capable of producing adequate spiritual antibodies to resist despair." His philosophical authority is Albert Camus, and he is concerned with four contemporary American novelists who, like Camus, "share a belief in man's ability to establish a new secular humanism in a world not only postlapsarian, but also post-Freudian and collectivist." The four are John Updike, William Styron, Saul Bellow, and J. D. Salinger.

The danger of such an approach is that the critic is tempted to deal with his subjects in ideological rather than literary terms. To a commendable degree Galloway resists this temptation, but at times each of the four writers is made to fit into a pigeonhole that is not precisely his size. Updike suffers more than any of the others. By paying attention chiefly to its ideas, Galloway makes *The Poorhouse Fair* seem a better novel than it is; and, in order to support his contention that young Angstrom is a "saint," he ignores some of the puzzling contradictions in *Rabbit, Run*. He misunderstands, I think, the role in the book of the Reverend Jack Eccles and ignores the significance of the Reverend Mr. Kruppenbach. Even on ideological grounds he does less than he might, making nothing of Updike's continuing flirtation with orthodox Christianity.

But Galloway does offer valuable comments on all of the novelists he discusses, including Updike. I think he does particularly well with Styron's *Set This House on Fire*, a novel that was rather generally underestimated at the time it was published. He makes the interesting suggestion that Salinger is warning against "retreat into a world of mysticism" in the Glass family stories, and he reminds us of the virtues of Salinger, whose reputation, once so high, has been sinking rapidly. As for Bellow, Galloway shows the unity of his work from *Dangling Man* to *Herzog*, and gives fresh evidence of his importance on the contemporary scene. The volume also contains useful check lists of writings both by and about the four men.

Galloway traces the sense of absurdity to "the decay of traditional Christianity in the life of Western man." But there is more to be said than that. As science has revealed more and more about the universe, from the infinitely small to the infinitely great, it has become increasingly hard to believe that the universe was designed for the benefit of the human species or in accordance with human values. Nevertheless, optimism was strong in the nineteenth century, for in many minds belief in progress had taken the place of belief in God. But in the past fifty years, with calamity after calamity, the idea of progress has seemed less and less tenable. Generous plans for social betterment have nourished tyranny, and science has come to seem a threat as well as a benefactor.

According to Camus, it is the conflict between man's feelings about what the universe ought to be and his recognition of what it is that results in his sense of absurdity. The obvious thing to say is what has always been said by cynics and pessimists—that the absurdity lies in man's notion of what the universe ought to be. Let him rid himself of that, they point out, and there will be no problem. But in that case, says Camus, the logical course is suicide. If one rejects suicide, it must be because one finds reasons for wanting to go on living, and on these reasons one can begin to build. It is in man's struggle to create meaning that Camus finds meaning. In *The Myth of Sisyphus* he says: "The struggle itself towards the heights is enough to fill a man's heart. One must imagine Sisyphus happy." A happy Sisyphus is more than I can conceive of, but I am willing to grant that he may have triumphed over despair.

All this is a way of saying that most writers today feel that traditional values, whether theological or humanistic, are no longer relevant and that new values must be discovered and created. In *The Picaresque Saint* R. W. B. Lewis points out that such writers as Henry James, James Joyce, Marcel Proust, and Thomas Mann found art itself a sufficient bul-

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wark against despair, but that the men with whom he deals – Silone, Camus, Faulkner, Moravia, and Greene–insist that hope must be found in life itself, not merely in art. Although the four writers Galloway considers are not agreed as to solutions, they are all acutely aware of the present-day crisis of values.

So are most of the other contemporary novelists to whose work I am attracted. James Gould Cozzens and Louis Auchincloss are exceptions, and that is why I am uneasy with their writings though I admire their craftsmanship and respect their integrity. Both of them, it seems to me, are writing their novels as if the world in general and the Western world in particular had not gone through a dozen revolutions in the last half-century. Cozzens makes a strong case for common sense as the solution of many human problems, but he refuses to look at those problems before which common sense is bankrupt. In *The Embezzler* Auchincloss takes seriously the values of the rich in the Twenties without being able to convince me that I should take them seriously. Although his Dr. Prescott in *The Rector of Justin* is able not only to live by the values of the past but also to make members of a younger generation believe that they should do the same, I continue to have my doubts about the contemporary relevance of those values. As I observed once before, to the distress of a number of readers, Moses Herzog, not despite but because of his absurdity, has more to say to me than Francis Prescott.

–Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1204

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1204 will be found in the next issue.

HJUPV ISRP, CSST KSIIPKUXWY

XN UBP ASNU PMBXIHVHUXWY

NZSVU SJ HII.

–H. N. VSNPWCHKB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1203

An optimist is a guy that has never had much experience.

–Don Marquis.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Not Rural Southern

May I suggest that your Aug. 6 review of my book of stories, *Upon the Sweeping Flood*, is in part misleading? It is stated that the book "depicts a series of rural Southern characters." . . . Of the eleven stories in the collection, only one (which is a parody, incidentally, and unmentioned by your reviewer) takes place in the "South" that comes to mind when we think of the literary South, as your reviewer obviously did. Two take place in Texas though Texas is not specifically named (but the presence of Mexican workers in one story wouldn't suggest the old South); others are imagined in or around Northern cities which, though lacking literary precedence, do exist; others are imagined in the rural North (the North also has its rural areas). One story takes place at a great Midwestern university, clearly urban, and another in a highly sophisticated Catholic seminary whose people are anything but "rural Southern." . . .

Joyce Carol Oates.

Detroit, Mich.

Editor's note: SR *regrets the error in its introduction to the review, which stated that Miss Oakes's collection "depicts a series of rural Southern characters. . . ." Joan Joffe Hall, the critic, said: "Joyce Carol Oates shares with Flannery O'Connor . . . a fascination with characters we have come to think of as rural Southern. . . ."*

The Humility to Edit Well

As a sometime professional copy editor–and still, on occasion, an active one –I've read both Monica Dickens's and Dana Lyon's remarks with mixed feelings [respectively, SR, July 2 and Aug. 13, Letters to Book Review Editor]. Both Miss Dickens and Mrs. Lyon appear to have suffered–and the latter at least to a very considerable extent–from highly imperceptive and inept work. I don't wonder that she was thoroughly annoyed.

I do wonder, though, whether even Mrs. Lyon's typescripts are invariably so finely polished, so consistent within themselves in both sense and usage, *and so perfectly typed* as to be absolutely free of errors, inconsistencies, and *gaffes* of other sorts. If so, they are rare things indeed; in a publishing career of nearly four decades, I have never seen a letter-perfect book, let alone a letter-perfect manuscript. There, in brief, is the reason publishers employ copy editors: to "proofread" the typescript and to comb out minor snarls.

To do his job right, the copy editor needs a considerable amount of factual knowledge and all the sensitivity he can possibly have. Ideally, he would have by heart all the rules of usage (punctuation, capitalization, uses of figures rather than spelled-out numbers, abbreviations, and the like) set forth in such style manuals as that of the University of Chicago Press. He would know Webster III as well as Webster II, not to mention OED. He would be conversant with Fowler, Nicholson, Ted Bernstein, the World Almanac, the Britannica, and an up-to-date atlas. He would have at least a nodding acquaintance with French, German, and as many other languages as possible. He should have read widely in literature, history, science, the arts, and the daily newspaper. And, above all, he should be acutely sensitive to the nuances of the author's style and intention.

Mrs. Lyon's trouble, in the two cases she details, rather obviously arose from the fact that whoever worked over her copy knew the rules but didn't know the hardest thing of all–when *not* to apply them. In identifying her editors as "bright young girls recently graduated from college," she was probably right. Bright young girls generally don't seem to have the patience and humility to be first-rate copy editors. Those are important qualities for the copy editor, and they seem to come with the passage of time. . . .

The sixty-four-dollar question: When, if ever, should the copy editor correct his author's statements? I would say when–and *only* when–he is convinced the author has made an *inadvertent* error in spelling, usage, choice of word, or fact. . . .

Ideally, of course, the copy-edited manuscript goes back to the author for his approval, and for answering of any questions that have arisen, before it is sent to the compositor. This is standard procedure with some presses, including the one that now employs me. Some others apparently don't do it; and I can only suppose that, in the two cases she cites, Mrs. Lyon was dealing with one of those that don't. . . .

J. R. de la Torre Bueno.

Middletown, Conn.

I've never before heard of Dana Lyon but I'll say to her that any writer who has to resort to tricks of punctuation to achieve emphasis or a mood isn't much of a writer. Any capable writer should be able to work with words alone. . . .

J. N. Meyer.

St. Louis, Mo.

Believable Bores?

In his discussion of *Nobody Does You Any Favors* [SR, July 23] Granville Hicks states: "Neither of Yaffe's characters can be dismissed as a stereotype." Later he says: "One can believe in these characters, but, having met their like before, one can't be much interested in them."

This is conceivable, but I wonder why?

Lawrence J. Prugger.

Chicago, Ill.

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European Literary Scene

The comic strip has now made its deepest penetration into the sacrosanct precincts of art and literature. As examples of pop art, cartoon comics have graced European museum walls from Amsterdam (sharing them with van Goghs) to Bordighera and even the Venice Biennale. Such avant-garde magazines as *Marcatrè* habitually feature *Mandrake* and *Li'l Abner* as sheer pop art. In Paris the CELEG (Centre d'étude des littératures d'expression graphique) campaigns to give comics literary status (and consequent movie contracts). Even the *Times Literary Supplement*, in an editorial "Pop and Strip," faces with stiffened upper lip the new artistic and literary status of the comics. Rome's *Fiera letteraria* interviews Lee Falk (whose *Mandrake* will be filmed with David Niven as the hero) just as it interviews Moravia. Comics as pop art—if you insist. But as literature?

It is a French and an English adventuress, moving from newspapers to hardcover books, who have thus enlarged the definition of literature. Jean-Claude Forest's *Barbarella* set the trend when the Terrain Vague (Empty Lot) Press of Paris gave her book status almost two years ago. The de Gaulle government disapproved of Barbarella, who always looks as though she'd like to slip out of her monokini into something more comfortable. Forbidden to display or advertise the volume, booksellers nevertheless sold 20,000 copies *plus vite que ça*. De Laurentis and Roger Vadim elected Jane Fonda to play Barbarella on the screen. The weekly *Arts* hailed the astronaughty Barbarella's interplanetary escapades as a "modern epic." (Grove Press has sold 12,000 copies within a month after publication of the English version, and the count-up has just started.)

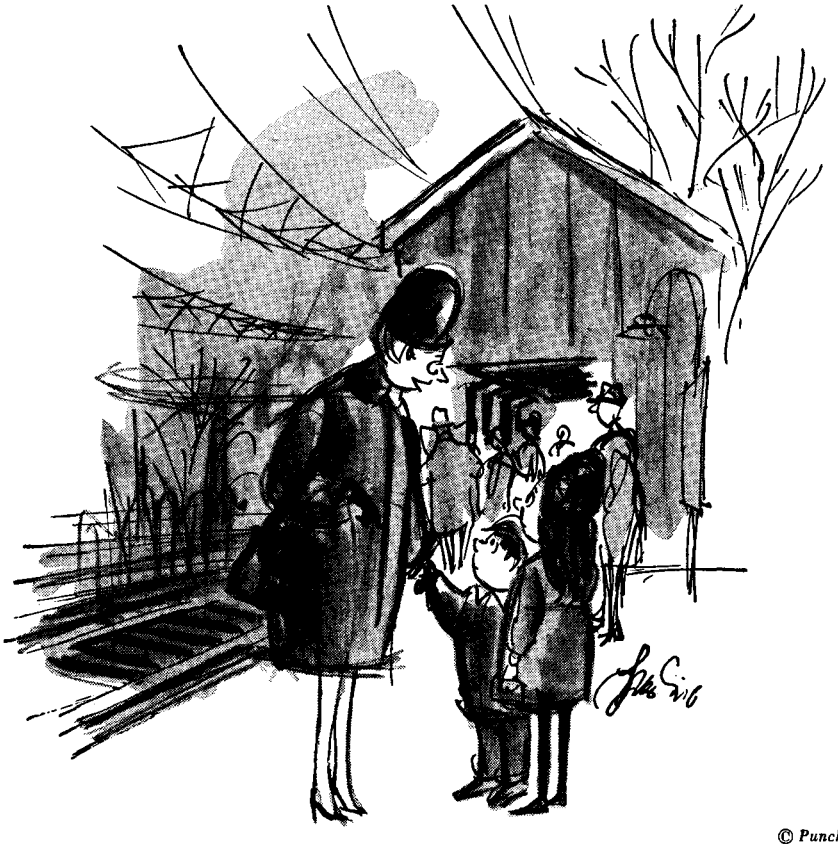
Lord Beaverbrook's syndicated heroine *Modesty Blaise*, created by cartoonist Peter O'Donnell, was elevated to a book presentation in London, only to reappear quickly in a sequel, *Sabre-Tooth* (Souvenir Press). In this sequel (American edition: Doubleday) the beautiful Modesty Galore (the Publishers Row name for her) does a bloody fine job for Britain by foiling a plot to capture the oil-rich kingdom of Kuwait. *Phoebe Zeit-Geist*, a third strip (or stripper), was banned in West Germany after censors observed that the very first episode showed Phoebe casting aside the seventh veil at the insistence of a sadist in a German army uniform.

England's (actually Belfast's) prodigious grey eminence C. S. Lewis continues to appear posthumously. Fourteen essays and lectures on medieval and Renaissance letters (Cambridge University Press) now further confirm that vast talent which could create such diverse masterpieces as *The Allegory of Love*, *Perelandra*, and *The Screwtape Letters*. The new essays treat authors on whom Lewis lectured as don at both Oxford and Cambridge. There are fresh illuminations on Dante, Tasso, Spenser, and Milton by a Christian who read their works as a believer.

Letters of C. S. Lewis (Geoffrey Bles) demonstrates, as the reviewers quickly perceived, how false is the common view of Lewis as an easygoing, bookish chap to whom success came almost automatically. They show, rather, to what an extent his life was an uphill struggle, with reading and religion a dual refuge. His constant identification of literature with life leads to one amusing comment: "They keep sheep in Magdalen Grove now, and I hear the fleecy care bleating all day long. I am shocked to find that none of my pupils, though they are all acquainted with pastoral poetry, regard them as anything but a nuisance." If only Lewis had not made that horrid comment about one of my enthusiasms, the Italianate novellae from Boccaccio to Bandello (he dismissed them as mere "compost" for the planting of Elizabethan drama), my veneration could be complete.

Zurich this summer installed a gravestatue of James Joyce, executed by the American sculptor Milton Hebald, a resident of Rome. Celebrities of town and gown spoke appropriate encomium. Although Hebald had to work with photographs, he claimed that a reading of Joyce enabled him to arrive at the real portrait. Sounds farfetched; but it was a principle accepted by Renaissance portraitists, who aimed at capturing the "inner man." Do you remember the date of Bloom's odyssey through Dublin? That was the anniversary day chosen for the ceremony.

Speaking of monuments, if you never liked the out-of-the-way placing of Baudelaire's statue in the Luxembourg Garden, be consoled. It has been reset more conspicuously on another lawn thirty or more meters away, facing the Lycée Montaigne. One last literary monument to be "unveiled" to the public is the cage near Pisa where Ezra Pound in 1945 slept on the concrete floor and worked on the *Pisan Cantos*. A photograph of this cage where Pound was temporarily confined has been released



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"Remember what I told you: no deep breaths in the city."

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by the U.S. Government to the director of the Cahiers de l'Herne. It is disturbing to contemplate, and all too reminiscent of the line in Canto II about the "ex-convict out of Italy."

Some respected voices have gone so far as to hail René Char as the best poet in France. He has just won the Prix des Critiques for his collection *Retour amont* ("Coming Back Up"), issued by Gallimard. Born in Vaucluse, that sunny area sung by Petrarch, Char matured through a surrealistic period of collaboration with Breton and Eluard toward a reflective pessimism, faintly tinged with hope, often conveniently defined as Leopardian.

To coin a variant, since "one poem is worth a thousand words," here is a translation from the prize-winning collection:

Lying on soil of sorrow,
Bitten by crickets, children
Tumbled from the aging suns,
The sweet fruits of Brémonde.
  Just like larch saplings
Beyond all entreaties,
You are the tracing of the wind,
My days, my fire-wall.

Pierre de Boisdeffre has rightly written that Char's verse is not necessarily a clear commentary on the life surrounding it, but rather an animation of that life.

Several unedited letters of Maxim Gorky are presented by *Soviet Literature*, part of the vast correspondence being definitively ordered and annotated by the brilliant Aleksandr Ovcharenko of the Gorky Institute. A brief sampler may be in order.

On literary prizes: "As regards a competition for novels, the artificial and external spurring of young writers will have no good result. You may be sure that in working for the competition, young people will uselessly spoil a lot of very precious material to which, once they have spoiled it, they will no longer return. In this way a mass of very valuable experience will perish."

On new Russian novels: "There is too much of the countryside, portrayed idyllically. It seems that something very important has already been forgotten: it is the town which made and makes the revolution. With young writers the hero is more often a country lad who is a Red Army man and less often a worker. This is not true. And it is not good. . . ."

On Anglo-American writers: "People read Jack London, Joseph Conrad, and O. Henry because these write in a more 'romantic' way, with more plot and about unfamiliar things. It is particularly bad that they read O. Henry. He is a clever writer, but not very talented, and he is harmful because he inspires in petty people hopes of accidental but great fortune. Shop assistants marry millionaires, clerks marry beautiful rich women; it is all a great consolation, very sentimental and false."

Salvatore Quasimodo's single appearance in a Mastroianni film (*La Notte*) hardly made him a movie star like Claudia Cardinale. A book of letters from her fans, *Dear Claudia*, appeared on the same day as the most recent book of verse, *Dare e avere* ("Give and Keep"), by Italy's Nobel Prize-winner. The following day the newspapers devoted as many as three columns to the effusive letters, leaving Quasimodo in total eclipse ("And suddenly it was evening!").

As we have noted here before, the Germans are now as interested in novelistic techniques as are the French new novelists. A first novel by Kay Hoff, its title roughly translated as "Bödelstedt, or the Sausage-Eating Bourgeoisie" (Hoffmann and Campe), describes provincial Bödelstedt through four viewpoints. Three assessments are presented in such interrelated forms as reminiscence, objective description, and impressionistic monologues; and finally there are the rosy-colored marginal comments by the hero's father-in-law, who is editing the whole. The novelist displays biting satire in this fourth total view, the "exquisite unintentional self-revelation of the eternal *petit-bourgeois*" (*Die Welt*). The same discordant or contradictory appraisals of an unpleasant situation are found in Eva Zeller's title story in *Die Magische Rechnung* ("The Magical Account"), published by Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. A native African tries to tell a white woman about the violent death of her husband, but the interpreter tones down the details so drastically that she is left with the impression of a death "sweet and insipid." *Traduttore traditore.*

Translating from English would seem easier than translating from an African dialect, but some English titles give trouble. Take Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*. Previously translated in France as *La haute plaine* and as *Les hauts de Hurlevent*, it now appears (Editions Grund) as *La maison des vents maudits*. Emily's sister made it easier for Grund with her inspired title of *Jane Eyre*.

—Robert J. Clements.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

FOR THE BIRDS

Dorothy W. Coakley of Virginia Beach, Va., asks whether our ornithologist readers can return each of these birds to its proper habitat. Obtain the key to the aviary on page 37.

1. albatross — Live like that stoic bird,
The ( ) of the rock.
2. blackbird — Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping ( ) does to the moon complain . . .
3. cuckoo — Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter
In there stepped a stately ( ) . . .
4. eagle — That's the wise ( ); he sings each song twice over,
Lest you think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
5. lark — At length did cross an ( ):
Through the fog it came . . .
6. nightingale — The ( ) then, on every tree,
Mocks married men . . .
7. oriole — We saw the ( ) gathering in the sky,
And in the osier-isle we heard them noise.
8. owl — I heard in the night the ( )
Stirring within their nest . . .
9. pigeons — The ( ) has a lyre of gold,
10. raven — The ( )'s is a clarion call,
11. swallows — And the ( ) plays but a boxwood flute,
But I love him best of all.
12. thrush — To hear an ( ) sing
May be a common thing
Or only a divine.

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Between Presidents and the Press

With Kennedy, *by Pierre Salinger (Doubleday. 391 pp. $5.95), recalls the author's years as Presidential press secretary and the problems posed by "news management" in a free society. James MacGregor Burns, a member of the Political Science Department at Williams College, is author of "Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox" and "John Kennedy: A Political Profile."*

By JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS

DO NOT be put off by the first few chapters of this book. They offer the standard slick-magazine coverage of White House personalities, small episodes, discreet horseplay, how the President spent his day, the doings of Mrs. Kennedy and the children. Neither the author's nor his editor's heart seems to be in it; the pages are studded with minor exaggerations, grammatical slips (at least in my "final galley proof"), trivia, and repetitions.

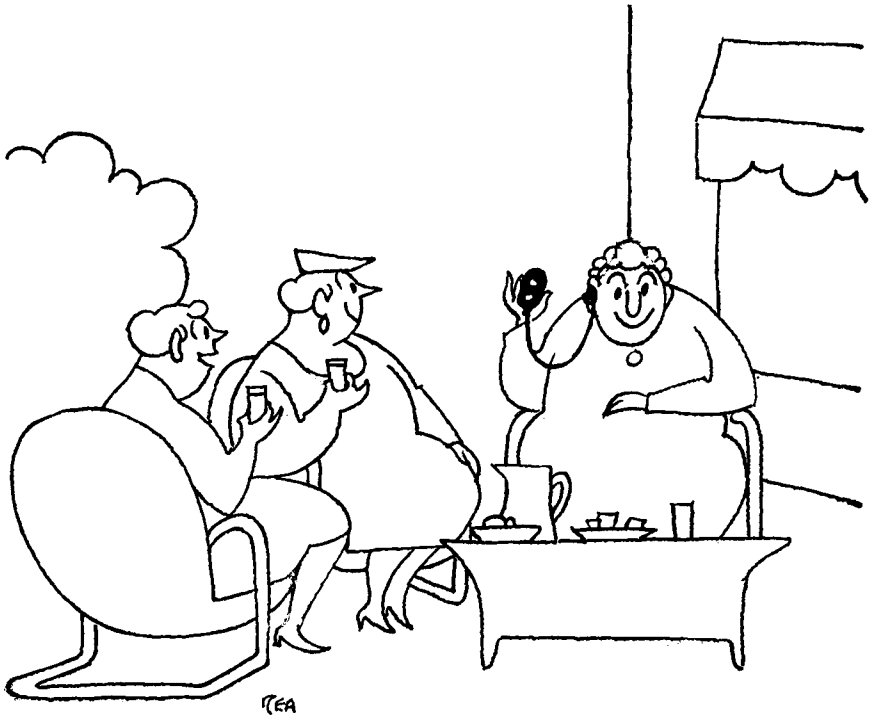
The author, who joined the Kennedy forces in the late 1950s, served JFK as press secretary, and continued in that post for some months under Lyndon Johnson, provides no special insights as to President Kennedy's personality. As other staff people have made clear—notably Evelyn Lincoln in her candid portrait of her chief—John F. Kennedy was a demanding and sometimes testy boss, and also a delightful, considerate, and understanding one. Mr. Salinger reports that the President scanned thirteen newspapers a day (eight New York and Washington papers plus the Baltimore *Sun*, the Atlanta *Constitution*, the Chicago *Tribune* and *Sun-Times*, and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*). But Presidents' eclectic newspaper habits are well known; what we would rather learn is what the President was looking for in these papers, what he reacted to, how he reacted to it—and what he meant when he once said that he was reading more and enjoying it less. JFK also read twelve periodicals (including the *Saturday Review*); did these seem to have any discernible influence on his thinking?

The book comes alive when Pierre Salinger turns to his own White House role. He reports in detail on the fascinating and sometimes excruciating problems that a press secretary faces. He tells with relish and dismay of his efforts to mediate between White House correspondents and his chief. The President occasionally asked Salinger to telephone and chastise offending newsmen; Salinger would do nothing and Kennedy's temper would cool. (Salinger tried this ploy with President Johnson, but LBJ demanded that he telephone and report back.) Salinger had a wide orbit in the White House: Kennedy used him as a communications link with Khrushchev; Salinger's reports on his talks with the Soviet leader and with other Russians make absorbing reading. Khrushchev told him, for example, that Vice President Nixon had tried indirectly in 1960 to persuade Moscow to release some captured American flyers. Khrushchev refused, he told Salinger, because he thought Nixon wanted to announce the release during his Presidential campaign.

The author deals at length with the issue of "news management." Critics repeatedly charged that the Kennedy Administration doctored the news, releasing or withholding it for political advantage, covering up mistakes, and the like. In a long and thoughtful discussion of the question, Mr. Salinger notes that cold-war situations such as Vietnam sharpen the dilemma; newspapers will observe security rules during temporary periods of hot war, but how much news should be managed during endless periods of struggle in many parts of the world? Unhappily, the author presents no solution, but merely calls for a conference of top press and government people.

Such a conference would have its uses, but I doubt that it would solve the problem of news management in a free society. The problem is insoluble. President and press will fight for their prerogatives as long as they have differing interests and clienteles. The very settlement of the issue might be an ominous sign. Indeed, one could argue—as I have done in my *Presidential Government*—that the more serious problem may be the opposite of Salinger's main concern: it may be too much cooperation between President and press. Whatever their day-to-day differences, the two institutions are locked together in publicizing the Executive branch of the government. No such corps of correspondents covers other great institutions, such as the opposition party.

But Pierre Salinger need not be taxed with this dilemma. His honest account of the difficulties as he saw them will be indispensable reading for anyone concerned with the role of a free press during cold war.



"Mother is simply mad about sonic booms!"

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Growth of a National State of Mind

This Almost Chosen People: Essays in the History of American Ideas, *by Russel B. Nye (Michigan State University Press. 374 pp. $7.50), examines the tensions within seven concepts that have defined the American experience. David Brion Davis, Ernest I. White Professor of American History at Cornell University, is author of "The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture."*

By DAVID BRION DAVIS

FOR SOME time now there have been signs of stagnation in the field of American Studies, especially in the branch devoted to the history of American ideas and values. This is not because the subject has failed to win academic respectability. Courses in American intellectual history have become standard fare at our universities and colleges. By 1965 some sixty-nine colleges and universities gave undergraduate degrees in American Studies, and twenty-two universities offered doctoral programs in the same area. There has been no lack of scholarly articles and monographs on almost every conceivable aspect of American thought and culture, and in recent years the field has been much enriched by the imaginative studies of William R. Taylor, Christopher Lasch, John Higham, Leo Marx, Henry May, Howard Mumford Jones, and Perry Miller.

Nevertheless, as a discipline the history of American thought remains an ill-defined collection of arbitrary labels, familiar quotations, and unrelated generalizations. In providing an over-all conceptual framework no one has really gone beyond the pioneering but now inadequate surveys of Vernon L. Parrington, Merle Curti, and Ralph Henry Gabriel. What is worse, even the best historians have tended to evade certain central problems that are apparent to any bright undergraduate who takes a course in intellectual history.

After we grant that historians should pay attention not only to what people did but to what they thought, there remains an important question of representativeness. Is the intellectual historian interested in public opinion and thus in men who are representative in some statistical sense? Should he attempt to use sampling techniques to reconstruct in miniature some pattern of attitudes in a historical population? Or, if he insists that some atypical men give the most profound expression to the spirit or dilemmas of an age, how does he distinguish between personal idiosyncrasy and historical significance? Can one draw valid inferences from the individual case to the general trend, or relate the structure of art or of formal theory to the processes of social change?

A no less serious problem concerns the interaction of public beliefs and values with psychological tensions, social role and class, and economic and political interest. The intellectual historian has before him the example of behavioral scientists who use sampling and quantitative analysis to correlate social attitudes with other variables; he may look to contemporary philosophers and literary critics for methods of analyzing and clarifying the meaning of a text; he may learn from such neo-Freudians as Erik Erikson how the quest for personal identity may blend with broader social goals. But unfortunately no one has succeeded in explaining what bearing these other disciplines should have on intellectual history, or how intellectual history might move from one level of interpretation to another. The field remains, in short, without a firm theoretical framework.

The results of this uncertainty over what an intellectual historian should do and how he should proceed are distressingly apparent in Russel B. Nye's *This Almost Chosen People.* Such a bad book would not implicate an entire field of study if the author were not a highly knowledgeable and versatile historian (he is Distinguished Professor of English at Michigan State University), whose works include the standard monographs on civil liberties and the slavery controversy, Midwestern Progressivism, American cultural history from 1776 to 1830, and a superb biography of George Bancroft, which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1945.

This Almost Chosen People is an attempt "to choose a few of those concepts which have influenced—and which have been influenced by—the American experience, and to show how they have begun, developed, matured, and changed, suggesting in the process something as to the place of these ideas in the total pattern of the American mind." No one should quarrel with Professor Nye's selection of seven concepts which form the basis of his seven essays: progress, nationalism, free enterprise, historical mission, individualism, nature, and equality.

IF each of these familiar preserves gives the appearance of having been over-grazed by historians, they are all extensive enough to provide fresh nutriment for some time to come. And Professor Nye makes no pretense of being definitive or comprehensive. The difficulties arise when we begin to ask *whose* ideas? How does one measure influence? Do ideas develop and mature like organisms? Has there really been an "American experience" or an "American mind"? One could not expect Professor Nye to give conclusive answers to such questions, but he should at least show an awareness that they have often been asked.

The essays generally follow a similar plan of organization. Although Professor Nye fails to clarify his own methods and assumptions, he is careful to define the principal meanings and ambiguities associated with his seven American concepts. Each idea is capable of two or more conflicting interpretations which have varied in importance during different periods of American history. Thus progress can imply that man should actively remove all obstacles blocking the way to a more perfect society, or that he should refrain from interfering with the inevitable course of history. Nationalism can suggest that the Union and central government should take precedence over local and sectional interests, or that America should avoid foreign entanglements. Free enterprise can mean *laissez-faire*, or a partnership between government and private business in the interest of the general welfare. America's mission can be conceived in terms of converting the world to republicanism and free enterprise, of providing a refuge for the oppressed, or of preserving an uncontaminated model of virtue and justice. Nature can be a resource to be exploited, or a source of knowledge and inspiration. Equality can be accommodated to individual liberty, or can

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imply a minimal sharing in economic and social well-being.

After defining each idea and pointing to conditions that favored its early acceptance in America, Professor Nye traces the concept's history by use of examples and quotations, and tries to show how implicit meanings were affected by such forces as economic change, sectional tension, Social Darwinism, and international involvement. This technique leads to considerable repetition, since it is difficult to discuss the American sense of mission without covering ground already traversed in essays on progress and nationalism. The same overlapping occurs in the studies of free enterprise, individualism, and equality. One tires of the same witnesses being recalled to say virtually the same things (on page 335 Henry Ward Beecher says exactly what he did on page 133). But it is more disappointing to find that Professor Nye makes no attempt to relate one essay to another, or to tie together the various trends and transformations he discerns. The only conclusion the reader is left with is that Americans have succeeded in reconciling inherent tensions within these seven ideas and in modifying them to fit new conditions. This is not very enlightening.

It must be emphasized that Professor Nye is a skillful writer and seasoned historian whose range and knowledge extend from economic and political theory to literature, science, and religion. The major faults of his newest book would seem to arise from his failure to confront the baffling theoretical and methodological problems of intellectual history. Although the vast majority of his examples are taken from articulate political, intellectual, or literary figures, he easily slides into generalizations about public opinion and what "Americans" thought. If this has long been a habit of historians, there has at least been a tendency in recent years to limit generalizations to specified groups. But Professor Nye jumps back and forth between such abstractions as "the Enlightenment" or "the colonial state of mind" and the opinions of men like Franklin, Paine, and Jefferson. With scant attention to social classes, occupational groups, or divergences of interest, loyalty, or style of life, he tells us that "by 1776 Americans were united in a common national purpose, of which the Declaration of Independence was the ultimate proof," and that in the closing decades of the nineteenth century "the average man lived with assurance and a sense of adequacy. . . ."

Along with his failure to deal with the problem of representativeness, Professor Nye is extremely vague on the ways ideas interact with the more material forces of history. He often resorts to a kind of pragmatism to explain the acceptance or spread of ideas. Thus a sense of mission was a necessary response to the need for unity in a new land that lacked the stabilizing force of tradition. Similarly, the ideas of individualism, equality, and progress were supposedly nourished by frontier conditions, although we are not told why other frontiers failed to have the same effects. But in addition to a dubious reliance on the Turnerian frontier as a source of American ideology, Professor Nye is guilty of oversimplified references to such extraneous influences as the Enlightenment, Romanticism, and Social Darwinism. We do not learn, however, why particular ideas and values were attractive to particular groups at particular times.

Professor Nye affirms that ideas "provide necessary forces in the making of civilizations," and that in many ways a nation is "a product of its ideology." This may well be true, but when it comes to elucidating the influence of ideas, he is generally content to tell us what a few articulate men thought, and then to jump to straight historical narrative concerning social movements, legislation, and diplomacy. We are left with the notion that the Civil War was in some way a product of American ideas of equality and nationalism, that our foreign policy has been shaped by our sense of mission, that our national parks and TVA are the expression of our ideas of nature, and that *Brown v. Board of Education* and the Social Security Act were fulfillments of our ideas of equality. But Professor Nye leaves a wide gap between the statement of abstract ideas and their implementation in laws and institutions.

The unhappy result of trying to cover both the history of ideas and their supposed effects on society is a thinning down of narrative and analysis. Whenever Professor Nye begins to probe significant implications, as in his intriguing remarks on the meaning of union, he feels compelled to hurry on in order to avoid missing the Webster-Hayne debate or the opportunity to tell us that Webster's *Reply* attained the status of an oratorical classic.

Such bits of elementary information, which are scattered throughout the book, make one wonder what audience Professor Nye had in mind. He calls Herbert Croly's *Promise of American Life* a "strangely neglected classic" of political thought and proceeds to summarize its themes, although the book should be familiar to any student of American history, since it is available in paperback and is discussed in general texts as well as in standard works by Eric Goldman, Henry Steele Commager, and David Noble. Professor Nye even feels it necessary to explain that Barry Goldwater's political philosophy "lies far to the right" of that of the late President Kennedy.

So much space is devoted to summarizing basic American history that one almost has the impression of a series of lectures designed for a foreign audience. Certainly an American college student who has had a good general course in American history would find much of the book stale and platitudinous. It is difficult to avoid superficiality when one skips rapidly from nineteenth-century epistemology to Sigmund Freud, to the effects of modern science, to population growth, to the Industrial Revolution, to the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amend-

"I hardly think their commercials reflect Huntley and Brinkley's own personal taste—at least I certainly hope they don't."

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ments, and then to the educational philosophy of William James, Edward Lee Thorndike, and John Dewey.

In all fairness it should be said that some of Professor Nye's essays are far more successful than others. Those on nationalism, the sense of mission, and free enterprise have fresher things to say and are more tightly organized than those on progress, individualism, and equality. Professor Nye avoids confusing the meanings of the key concepts, and is illuminating on the tensions between the ideal and actual in American life. Nevertheless, in every chapter his method leads him to minimize distinctions, differences, and conflicts and to lump together the most disparate terms. Informed readers may well be startled by such phrases and statements as "the Calvinist-Newtonian scheme," or "Hobbes, Locke, and the Calvinist heritage prepared the American mind for Adam Smith and the idea of economic *laissez-faire* . . .," or only "minor differences in style" separated John Winthrop, Charles Sumner, and Herbert Hoover in their statements of national purpose.

There has been much recent debate among historians over the roles of consensus and conflict in American history. Professor Nye would seem to fall into the consensus camp, since he emphasizes the common beliefs and values of conservatives and reformers, and pays little attention to rebels, dissidents, and naysayers, especially those who rejected one or more elements of the American creed. The accent is on continuity, similarity, and agreement (thus Carnegie and Lester Frank Ward both believed in progress, and Adlai Stevenson is quoted in eloquent defense of free enterprise).

PROFESSOR Nye has drawn on many of the best recent works in American history, and in both method and content his book conforms to accepted doctrine. Nonetheless, he virtually ignores the best modern scholarship on the Calvinist tradition of original sin and its relation to individualism and the sense of mission; he lumps ante-bellum reform with Jacksonian democracy, without reference to newer theories of Jacksonian politics and of reform as a quest for gentility and social control; he oddly ignores the entire dimension of intellectual and literary history that deals with conflicting myths, images, and symbols, which have been so imaginatively explored by Henry Nash Smith, Leo Marx, William R. Taylor, and Merrill D. Peterson.

If the shortcomings of *This Almost Chosen People* are partly attributable to the failures of intellectual history as a whole, there are at least methods and approaches which Professor Nye did not use and which may contribute to a more systematic and well-defined synthesis.

America in Transition

The Time Between the Wars: Armistice to Pearl Harbor, *by Jonathan Daniels (Doubleday. 372 pp. $6.50), chronicles in terms of personalities and incidents the America of the Twenties and Thirties. Harry Hansen, author of several books on United States history, is editor of the World Almanac.*

By HARRY HANSEN

THE TITLE of Jonathan Daniels's new book describes its scope, but does not tell the reader that the treatment is journalistic rather than reflective, and that the work seems intended more to entertain than to instruct. Yet this parade of personalities and incidents, skillfully chosen from the headlines and commentaries of a quarter-century, may make one pause and wonder how the ship of state, with such a crew on board, managed to maintain an even keel.

One conclusion is inescapable: there is no uniformity in contemporary American history. Individuals have free play for their views and actions, and do not conform to a pattern. Take the men who occupied the White House. Here is the agonized Woodrow Wilson, using up his waning strength to force acceptance of his League of Nations; here is the rockbound Hoover, closing his door and his heart to the bonus marchers; here are Harding, who had something to hide, and Coolidge, who made a virtue of immobility. Could anyone have predicted the curve of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who set the rigid capitalistic train on the rails toward the welfare state?

Daniels recognizes not only the accomplishments of women "between the wars," but also their wiles and capacities for disturbing the complacency of men, especially Presidents of the United States. There is a catty exchange of compliments between the second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and the President's platonic correspondent, Mrs. Mary Hulbert Peck, not found in the former's *My Memoir*. There is a recapitulation of Harding's affair with Nan Britton and other embarrassing amiabilities. Finally there is the disclosure that Franklin D. Roosevelt was affectionately attached all his life to Lucy Mercer, his wife's one-time social secretary, without practicing any deception; but that Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was "bitter and jealous of Lucy," who apparently was with Roosevelt at Warm Springs when he died.

Daniels's slant is liberal, but he is not an apologist, and he has small respect for haloes. While Huey Long ranted and Aimee Semple McPherson made "a movie production out of Christianity," and Charles A. Lindbergh became the answer to a nation's prayer for a spotless hero, a great social change was taking place in the United States. Under the pressure of 13,000,000 unemployed the Chief Executive transferred power from finance capitalism to labor. The results are evident today every time a strike is settled. Daniels does well to remind us how power was misused before Roosevelt applied his drastic remedies, but he does not spare him. The story of the Court-packing fight has been forgotten, but it is worth a thought in these days when the vote of one Justice can change the police practices of a nation. The dependence of Roosevelt on Harry Hopkins seems less momentous here than in the pages of Robert Sherwood.

Worth recalling, too, is the technique used to put Roosevelt into the Presidency for the third time, when both he and Wendell Willkie threw "meat to the roaring lions of isolationism." Wilson was re-elected, reluctantly it is true, on the plea that "he kept us out of war." Roosevelt, pushed by the opposition, promised mothers that "your boys are not going to be sent into foreign wars." Circumstances proved too strong for both.

Now all these men and events are of the past, shoved aside by new crises and personalities. But their accomplishments and failures are not blotted out, for they are written in indelible ink.

Jonathan Daniels—"he has small respect for haloes."

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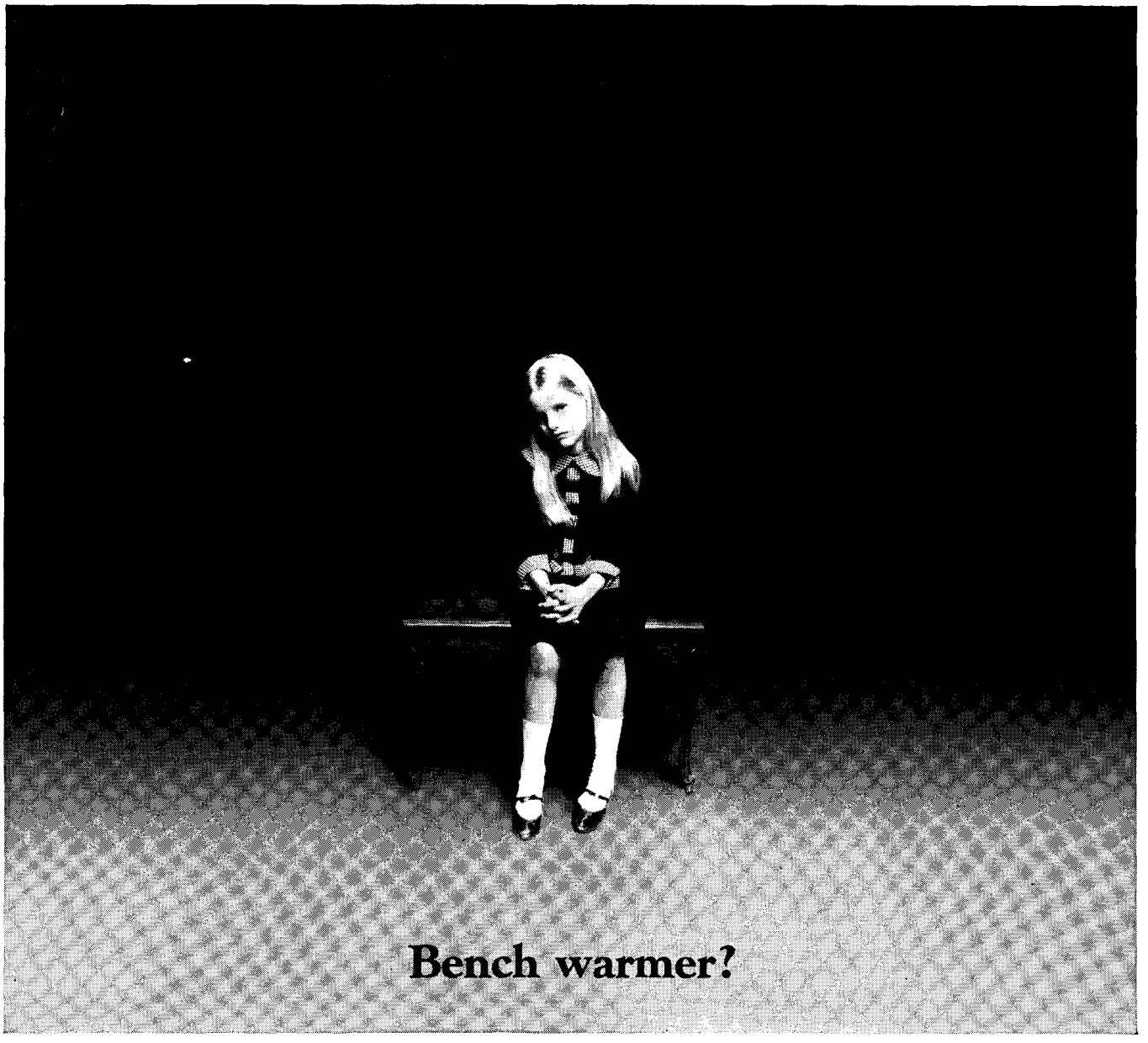

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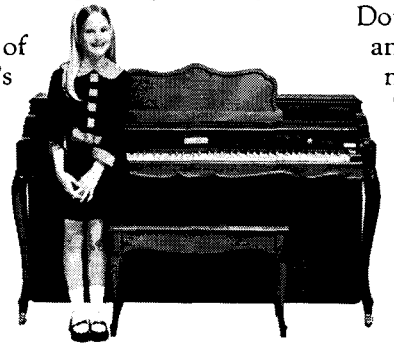

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ANNOUNCING THE

Saturday Review

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

A Trip to New Delhi

Black-and-white winner:

A Trip to Madrid

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 7, 1967, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 7th issue.

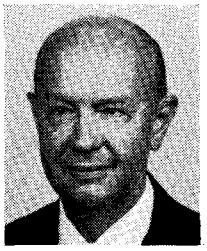
The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts.*
Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.
Norman Cousins, Editor, *Saturday Review.*
Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist on photography.
Margaret R. Weiss, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review.*

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now. Deadline for entries is October 1, 1966.

SR'S 1965 CONTEST WINNERS

Gaylord A. Morrison, of Cleveland, Ohio, is a service representative for a manufacturer of textile machinery. He won the 1965 Grand Prize for black-and-white, and a trip to Hawaii, for his study of a market scene in Taxco, Mexico.



Arthur J. Heiser, of Hypoluxo Island, Fla., retired manufacturer and part-time travel lecturer, 1965 winner of the Grand Prize for color. Mr. Heiser won a round-trip to London for his picture of a religious pilgrim in Benares, India.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and the McCall Corp., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.
2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1965, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.
3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.
4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.
5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.
6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, or two color pictures, or one black-and-white and one color picture but in no case submit more than two pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photograph Contest Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 1, 1966, to be eligible for judging.
   IMPORTANT: No more than two pictures can be submitted by any one entrant.
7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.
8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 7, 1967. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures.

DEADLINE OCTOBER 1, 1966 *Saturday Review* 380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

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Pathfinder on the Wrong Path

The Journals of Zebulon Montgomery Pike, with Letters and Related Documents, *edited and annotated by Donald Jackson (University of Oklahoma Press. Two volumes. 913 pp. $20), contains the record of the Lost Pathfinder's 1806 expedition to the headwaters of the Arkansas River, during which he somehow wound up in the Rio Grande valley. John A. Hawgood of the School of History at the University of Birmingham, England, is the author of "America's Western Frontiers," to be published next year by Knopf.*

By JOHN A. HAWGOOD

THEY say that there is honor among thieves, and it seems that there must also be a certain amount of camaraderie among directors of university presses. Savoie Lottinville of the University of Oklahoma Press presents in these two handsomely produced and boxed volumes Donald Jackson's new edition of an old classic of American adventure and exploration, first published in the year 1810.

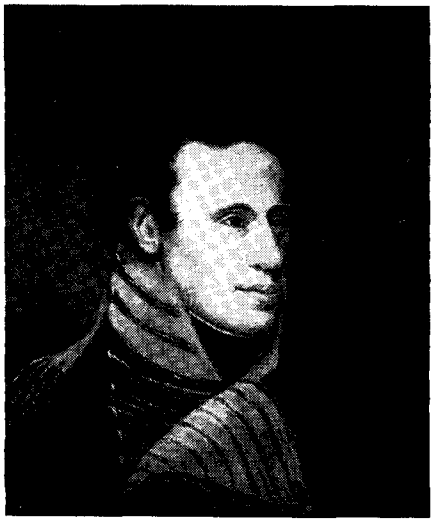
Mr. Jackson, the distinguished director of the University of Illinois Press, has vastly improved upon the efforts of previous editors—Thomas Rees (1811) and Elliott Coues (1895) in addition to Pike himself in the Conrad edition of 1810—and, in the course of annotating the *Journals* and the contemporary correspondence he subjoins, has carefully retraced, both on the ground and from the air, the routes followed by Pike.

U.S. Army Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike was sent out from St. Louis in 1806 by General James Wilkinson to explore the headwaters of the Arkansas River and to ascend the Red River of the South to its source, as well as to establish contact with the Comanche Indians. Eugene Hollon, Pike's biographer, called him "The Lost Pathfinder," and one of Mr. Jackson's biggest problems was to decide whether Pike found himself before the end of that year on Spanish territory in the upper Rio Grande Valley, near what is now Salida, Colorado, by accident or on purpose. Mr. Jackson concludes that Pike was genuinely lost, but that he had anticipated the possibility that he might stray into New Mexico and fall into the hands of a Spanish patrol, and had prepared his excuses in advance. This not entirely satisfying conclusion was even more closely argued in Mr. Jackson's brilliant, prize-winning article "How Lost Was Pike?," which appeared in *American Heritage* magazine for April 1965.

On the basis of Mr. Jackson's careful reappraisal of the two expeditions (1805-1806 and 1806-1807) it is hardly possible to give high marks to Pike as an explorer and cartographer. Indeed, in academic parlance, he hardly ranks a "C." Dispatched in 1805 to discover the headwaters of the Mississippi River, he failed to find its true source. In 1806 he first mistook the upper reaches of the Arkansas for the Red River, and then, after stumbling across another river farther west, insisted on calling that the Red until a Spanish officer, who had been sent to intercept and rescue him (for his party was by this time in sore straits), told him that it was the Rio Grande del Norte. At this news Pike expressed surprise, which Mr. Jackson thinks was genuine but which Hollon and Coues and other authorities do not.

If Zebulon Montgomery Pike was an inept explorer and a small-minded, vain superpatriot to boot, as his *Journals* would seem to indicate and his editors to admit, it is necessary to explain why his second expedition, at least, and the *Journals* in which he reported it have continued to excite the interest of historians and editors through 160 years. Though Pike considered himself the equal if not the superior of Lewis and Clark, he really cannot stand comparison with them. They were both men of sensibility and were modest about their remarkable achievements. Their expedition was a success, reaching its objectives and entirely satisfying President Jefferson, the author of their enterprise. Pike, on the other hand, managed to get lost at least twice, abandoned some of his men, lied to his Spanish captors, and let himself be bundled back over the Spanish-American border at Natchitoches minus much of his equipment and most of his papers (some of which were not returned to the United States Government until 1910).

Pike's claim to fame really rests on his skill—and luck—in presenting his two abortive expeditions to the world as pieces of high adventure possessing great significance. High adventures they may have been, like the wanderings of Cabeza de Vaca and John Ledyard and those of Frémont on his fourth expedition and Phineas Fogg's journey around the world in eighty days; but what did Pike really accomplish?



—Bettmann Archive.

Zebulon Montgomery Pike—barely a "C."

It might be said that in a sense he pioneered the Santa Fe trail, which was to be opened as a regular trade route in 1821; but others had in fact been over the route before—the Mallet brothers as early as 1739. Pike also helped to direct the eyes of American settlers toward Spanish Texas, where Moses and Stephen Austin were to be admitted as *impresarios* in 1819 and where hordes of unauthorized Americans (many of them with their slaves) were later to trespass. Finally, Pike helped to perpetuate the myth of the "Great American Desert," which presented the high, treeless plains of the West as incapable of agricultural settlement. But Coronado, with his "nothing but cows and sky," may be said to have invented this notion in 1540.

Mr. Jackson has devoted more than 900 pages of text and nearly another hundred pages of facsimiles of maps and documents to Zebulon Montgomery Pike. Was Pike really worth all this? As an explorer and as a person he most emphatically was not; but as the leader of a party (which, Falstaff-like, he characterized as "a dam'd set of Rascels") traveling over large areas of the West hitherto untrodden by Americans, and as the promoter of an intensified interest in this area among foreigners as well as his fellow countrymen, he probably was.

There was a French translation of the *Journals* in 1812 and a Dutch one in 1813, in addition to the London edition of 1811. However, this is without doubt the definitive edition of the *Journals* of the "Lost Pathfinder." Nobody else will ever need to retrace the long, painstaking, and at times wearisome trail followed by Mr. Jackson.

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A Hard Journey to Treasure Island

From Scotland to Silverado, *by Robert Louis Stevenson, edited by James D. Hart (Harvard University Press. 287 pp. $5.95), brings together the novelist's American travel writings, including a number of passages hitherto suppressed. Leon Edel, critic and biographer, is Henry James Professor of English and American Letters at New York University.*

By LEON EDEL

LIKE Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson has been out of fashion for a long time. His great nineteenth-century reputation has languished, and among the wider public he is remembered mainly as the author of childhood's *Treasure Island* and the recurrent movie of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Of his cultivated art of expression, his picturesqueness, his personal legend, we hear little. It is therefore a distinct literary event to have his writings on America brought together for us, augmented by unpublished papers and passages, and edited with great care by Professor James D. Hart. In this volume we find not only a marvelous document on what it meant to cross the ocean and our continent in 1879-80, but also a picture of the wandering Bohemian, the inquiring traveler, the lively journalist that Stevenson could be. Included here are *The Amateur Emigrant* and *The Silverado Squatters*, that rough-hewn idyl of Stevenson's honeymoon in a disused silver mine in California.

The passages restored by Mr. Hart make it possible for us to read the Stevensonian narratives as he wrote them while pursuing Fanny Osbourne across 6,000 miles in the hope of marrying her. It was a courageous pursuit, not only because the American lady had to wait for a divorce, but because Stevenson was sickly, frail, and hardly the sort of person to travel in steerage or on the wooden benches of a primitive train puffing its way from New York to San Francisco. The sections were originally edited out either in the normal process of publication or because Stevenson's friends and well-wishers (and his near relations) felt the picture of the footloose tramp, the hobo side of Stevenson, might injure the glamour of his literary reputation. His travel papers show him, at any rate, in the genial role of a gentleman from Edinburgh and a man of

—Bettmann Archive.

Robert Louis Stevenson—"a quick and sensitive spirit."

letters, capable of living a hand-to-mouth existence, careless of his own well-being, enduring all kinds of discomfort, and endlessly observant and "literary." He ultimately married Fanny, and no stranger household was ever set up than that which they improvised at the Silverado mine; but this was to be Stevenson's way of life. He and Fanny continued to rough it, from Frisco to Hawaii and on to Samoa, where he built his final rugged abode.

The Stevenson of these papers is all the stylist; he writes with a fluid grace and his pages reveal a care for all sorts and conditions of men and women, and a genius for making copy out of the small incidents of travel. Mr. Hart shows us how much of the California scene was incorporated into Stevenson's work, so that the beaches and seascapes of *Treasure Island* can be identified at Monterey. But readers will be even more grateful for the step-by-step picture of what it was like to take ship for America in the 1870s in crowded, unsanitary ocean vessels, and to travel in the rough train-wagons across the plains. Stevenson is watchful throughout of the gathering of the races in the New World. Typical is his chapter on the "Despised Races":

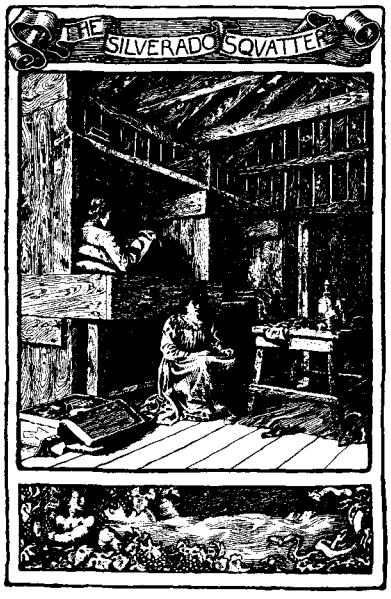
> . . . again my emigrants declared the Chinese were dirty. I cannot say they were clean, for that was impossible upon the journey; but in their efforts after cleanliness they put the rest of us to shame. We all pigged and stewed in one infamy, wet our hands and faces for half a minute daily on the platform, and were unashamed. But the Chinese never lost an opportunity, and you would see them washing their feet—an act not dreamed of among ourselves—and going as far as decency permitted to wash their whole bodies.

There is a discerning picture also of certain Jews in California, of an old French restaurant keeper named Simoneau at Monterey (a paper here published for the first time), and glimpses of Scotsmen and Englishmen entering the New World, drawn always as out of a literary sketchbook. And we move—almost inch by inch—over ground today jet-flown.

It is absorbing to live with Stevenson as the slow train moves across the Nebraska prairie, and he reflects on this "huge sameness"—"a sky full of stars is the most varied spectacle" a Nebraska pioneer can hope for. "He may walk five miles and see nothing; ten, and it is as though he had not moved. . . . His eye must embrace at every glance the whole seeming conclave of the visible world."

Professor Hart is at all times the discreet and loyal editor, and I would dissent only from his excessive indignation at the original trimming of the manuscripts. We, today, want them restored; but in their time they belonged to living journalism and had to be shaped and edited for the more squeamish Victorian public. The restored passages add detail, but sometimes there are redundancies that were well left out.

This aside, we have been given a book that comes to us with all the humanity and freshness of observation of Stevenson's quick and sensitive spirit—an observant stranger who took life with a vibrant leap toward the recognizable truths of man's quest in America.



—From the book.

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Man Against His Times

Cannibals and Christians, *by Norman Mailer (Dial. 457 pp. $5.95), is a collection of essays, interviews, poetry, and fiction, in which the author shakes a sensitive but rowdy fist at the world. Arthur Darack is book and art editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer and adjunct associate professor at the University of Cincinnati.*

By ARTHUR DARACK

NORMAN MAILER the novelist has a vision; Mailer the essayist has an axe. The vision of this restless mind, which is forever formulating fresh confrontations with reality, is to pin living experience to the page. The axe is aimed at everything that does not fit into the novels: politics, science, philosophy. This poses a dilemma for Mailer because, as Norman Podhoretz has noted, Mailer's greatest talent lies in recording the way things look and feel, whereas the axe tends to chop up the grist for his mill.

The barbarians are at the gates in great (nuclear) and anti-sexual force, Mailer says, and it is one of the wacky ambiguities of his thinking that he can juxtapose the two forces with hardly a blush.

In the present book, which has essays, interviews and self-interviews, short fiction, poetry, letters, and some material that I can describe only as inscriptions taken from or intended for well-known interior walls, Mailer is concerned constantly with politics.

But first the literary side of him.

The literary essays are uninhibited, personal, and harsh in their judgments, but also full of interesting assessments, as when he declares Mary McCarthy's novel *The Group* to be a failure because the author has such a horror of looking ludicrous; hence she is unwilling to take chances in establishing her characters. "Mary's vice is her terror of being ridiculous, and so she is in danger of ending up absurd, an old-maid collector of Manx cats, no tails and six toes, an anomaly of God."

The political essays include a memorable piece on the Goldwater convention, which appeared originally in *Esquire*, a magazine with which Mailer had a great public feud.

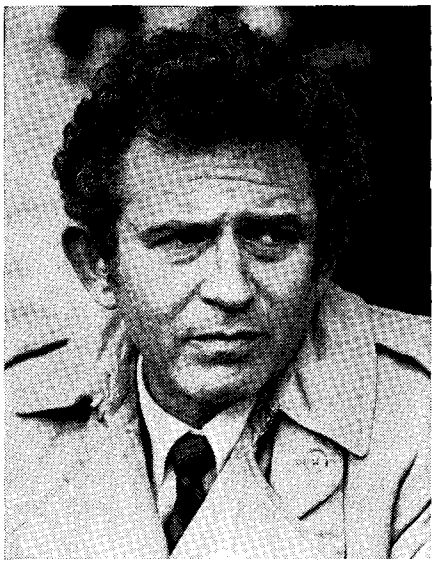
Mailer, who also covered the Democratic Convention of 1960 and wrote harshly of the Kennedys, did not include that essay. He reconsidered JFK, as some of the pieces in the present book indicate, and Senator Robert Kennedy as well.

Mailer trains his harshest guns on President Johnson, whose Vietnam policy he considers an act of madness, reversing the rational intention of JFK to move out of it softly. From disagreeing with Johnson on Vietnam he vents spleen on the Johnson Administration, claiming that it is debasing and corrupting America and the world in numberless, anonymous treacheries to the human spirit. In all this he too often sounds like a Republican campaign orator on the stump, and it is not surprising that one of his favorite reactionaries is William F. Buckley, Jr., who sometimes sounds like Norman Mailer.

Where the two unite is in their psychology, which is to urge that we "live dangerously." Mailer would have us all charge out of our houses in the morning, out of wedlock (which Mailer apparently considers a special area of bliss and value), out of every restraint, to leap about the countryside like the tiger. Mailer is thus a romantic. As essayist he is simply a hundred years behind the times. The world has lived quite dangerously enough, and if Lyndon Johnson can extricate us from the Vietnam tragedy (admittedly largely of his own making), the basic Johnson philosophy of quieting things down is more precisely what we need.

Mailer's feud with the times comes down to this, that the novelist is no longer taken as public lecturer on the way things ought to be, as Dickens, Crane, Dreiser, and others were. The novelist has lost caste and power. Mailer's essays are an attempt to recapture the old position, now abandoned to the TV personality and the scientist. His essays are shrewdly devised for the attempt. They are highly literary, novelistic, full of surprise, sudden shifts of argument, violence, and suspense, as well as characterization, mood, and description. They are pseudo- or quasi-novels in miniature; ideas step out of them in full battle dress.

Moreover, Mailer constantly toys with the idea of novelty, both in form and content, so that one can expect surprises at every turn. There is a long, rambling self-interview in the book, which is the weakest part of it, and yet is not without its entertainments. The interview begins with somewhat sophomoric talk about existentialism, regarding which Mailer confesses ignorance, and goes on, inevitably, to the "problem of the orgasm," a concern in Mailer's writing that seems rather more important than nuclear war. He mulls over modern art and esthetics and then steps easily into a discussion of disease and its function in our understanding of reality: should we not accept disease as a beneficent, painful guide to understanding, rather than medicine, which sometimes removes pain, to be sure, but also removes understanding of the insights that pain can yield? Mailer also discusses the question "does the amoeba have a soul?"



—*Michael Chickiris.*

Norman Mailer—"forever formulating fresh confrontations with reality."

Mailer is pulling our leg in most of this; he has become a philosopher of the absurd. But it is not his strongest point. He is not absurd enough; his passion for realism betrays his exhibitionistic juggling with absurdity. Thus it may be that the amoeba has a soul, but suppose (*à la* Mailer) that the amoeba wonders whether Mailer has a soul and that it is precisely this quality in the amoeba that makes it anti-sexual (the gravest of crimes according to Mailer). The joke is easily turned against him.

Though I much prefer Mailer in his most realistic moods, I always find him interesting to read, and so I did in the present case.

Coming September 24

"A Show of Color"

By Margaret R. Weiss

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A Jungle Called Cook County

Hog Butcher, *by Ronald L. Fair (Harcourt, Brace & World. 182 pp. $4.50), set in a Negro neighborhood of Chicago, juxtaposes the idea of moral rectitude with squalor and frustration. John R. Greenya is an instructor in American literature at George Washington University.*

By JOHN R. GREENYA

IN A world where compliance with corrupt authority is the better part of valor, and where fathers teach their sons the wisdom of deceit, a question of right or wrong is never a simple matter. And when a ten-year-old Negro boy, who has witnessed the accidental slaughter of his neighborhood idol by the police, is called in to testify at a coroner's inquest, he is truly "down to the nitty-gritty." This is not Calhoun mumbling, "Woe is me," or Ole Jim worrying about the missing Huck; this is the very real dilemma of a young boy who lives in a jungle called Cook County, Illinois.

Wilford Robinson, sickened by the senseless butchery, seeks truth as a weapon of revenge. His reaction to the inevitable pressure, inevitable because the police will not admit the possibility of having killed the wrong man, is so well handled by the author that even the cynical will find the ending plausible. Ronald L. Fair skillfully contrasts the idea of goodness and the image of the neighborhood covered with filth and smothered by frustration.

There are moments of weak dialogue, and far too many clichés, which would limit the book's impact were it not for the overriding power and drama of the boy's moment of truth. Perhaps realizing the difficulty inherent in having Wilford tell his own story, Mr. Fair has chosen to move the plot along by shifting the emphasis to the minor characters. Thus the reader comes to know and understand the dead hero, the two policemen (one white, the other Negro) who shot him, the county power structure and, most clearly, the miserable ghetto.

Novels about the plight of the Afro-American are so often polemical or didactic that art runs a poor second to argument, but in this book there are moments of indisputable artistry. Since the prose is generally subservient to plot, quotations will not do the book justice; however, there are several passages which cannot be read without the reader's having to pause and calm down before going on. The scene in which Wilford's mother makes up her mind to support her son in his practice of what she has been preaching for ten years, and the final inquest scene are two such episodes. There is also the account of the white policeman's out-of-uniform walk through the ghetto, during which he discovers that the world is not quite what it seems to be when viewed under a Mr. Blue light. A less talented author might easily have overplayed all three of these scenes.

If the novel were longer, and more naturalistic, it could become the final part of a Chicago trilogy, the first two-thirds having been written by James T. Farrell and Nelson Algren; for, like the work of these two men, *Hog Butcher* offers a view of the city's shame. But the book's topicality is not its strong point. Instead of being a fine book about Chicago that happens to be a novel, it's a fine novel that happens to be about some people in Chicago.

Ronald L. Fair—"moments of indisputable artistry."

And if you want to appreciate fully the irony of the title, reread Carl Sandburg's poem, "Chicago." The hogs, in Ronald Fair's book, are of a different color.

Writers' Games with Dames

The Girl in the Black Raincoat, *edited by George Garrett (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 365 pp. $5.95), comprises forty-one short stories and poems purportedly inspired by a single theme. Joseph Haas is an editor and book columnist for Panorama magazine of the Chicago Daily News.*

By JOSEPH HAAS

GEORGE GARRETT opens his foreword with an attempt to disclaim the first notion that will cross anyone's mind when he hears about this unusual collection of writings. It is not your run-of-the-mill anthology "based upon a gimmick and hopefully designed to make the editor and publisher some money," he says, but a "miscellany" of writings inspired by a single theme: the girl in the black raincoat (henceforth, GBR).

Well, perhaps "gimmick" is as dirty a word to Mr. Garrett as "anthology." Personally, we've been rather taken with some good ones, gimmicks and anthologies, that turned out well. This one, non-gimmick or not, might best have been laid to rest after the literati had tired of the new game. Except for a nosegay of excellent stories, and two or three pleasing poems, it's an uncultivated patch.

To spice up the game, Mr. Garrett challenges us to find the two stories that were sort of premature births. One was the student's effort, the heroine of which was a GBR, that inspired the contest. This tyro based a tale for one of Mr. Garrett's English classes upon a former classmate, a GBR, and, when the other students felt this was in bad taste, Mr. Garrett told all of them to write stories upon GBR themes, as a lesson in the invasion of privacy, no doubt. His clever idea spread among the nation's campuses and soon GBR tales and verse were pouring in. Another story in the "miscellany" was written before the craze took root, but, because it seemed to fit in, Mr. Garrett adopted it.

Few of the other thirty-nine authors really played by the rules. For example, James Spencer's excellent story, "That Old Jive," a bitter sketch of the envy of age for the youth the young take so for granted, merely nods to the GBR motif by having a car pulling away from a curb barely miss a never-again-mentioned GBR pedestrian.

This happens so frequently that we suspect when Mr. Garrett solicited further stories from his writing friends to make the game a book, he wrote

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something like, "If you don't feel up to it, just toss a GBR phrase into something on hand that you haven't yet had published. . . ." Such a passing GBR is tossed into William Manchester's skillful tale in monologue, "Out in the Crazy, All Alone." And in one poem the initials "G.B.R." occur only in the title.

Robie Macauley played the game in "Dressed in Shade," a beautifully written story in which the GBR is an integral symbol (of death, kismet, the preternatural?). And Mr. Garrett, in his lengthy "To Whom Shall I Call Now in My Hour of Need," offers a GBR, nude beneath, as a central character, a mad young thing who wreaks havoc on the ménage of a traveling revivalist.

A few others have read the rules. Leslie Fiedler offers some fun (there is surprisingly little for a "miscellany" which supposedly grew out of a campus game) in four vignettes, in which the GBR stimulates the instructors of Humanities 1, 2, 3, and 4. Shelby Foote puts a sneaky twist on O. Henry in a short-short. There's a Henry James parody, too, but nothing else worth mentioning in the light vein.

And how does the GBR fare through this? In general, she's young (though one is a septuagenarian lobster-potter), red-haired, pale, mixed-up or trying to seem to be, frequently naked beneath the coat, sometimes merely a symbol or nothing at all, and quite heterosexual (except once when she's something else again).

To take a stab at Mr. Garrett's other game, the guessing one, we would say the student tale is John Rodenbeck's "Keep Your Eye on the Feet," not only because Mr. Rodenbeck has no other works attributed to him and he attended the University of Virginia, where Mr. Garrett is an associate professor of English, but because it is a pretentious, trivial, callow piece which, if about an actual girl, is in bad taste. The pre-fad tale? Perhaps Mary Lee Settle's "Paragraph Eleven," part of a novel-in-progress about British WAAFs in World War II, in which the crucial coat is blue, not black.

We would like to quote the closing lines of May Sarton's contribution, which says it for us about

> The girl in the black raincoat
> Whom we have seen in a good many movies,
> And would now love to forget.

Seasons in the Human Adventure: Our interest in French Canadian writing, stirred by the recent *Season in the Life of Emmanuel*, by Marie-Claire Blais, is further stimulated by Gabrielle Roy's *The Road Past Altamont*, translated by Joyce Marshall (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95). These two works show us how wrong we are if we have been thinking literary French Canada is still just the land of Louis Hémon and a progeny of minor regionalists exploiting "*la couleur locale*." Gabrielle Roy, quite unlike Mlle. Blais in most respects, has this in common: although drawing her inspiration from the life she knows, she succeeds in keeping the picturesque background of her stories where it belongs—behind the characters.

Behind the characters of *The Road Past Altamont* is the vast expanse of southern Manitoba, where a family of French Canadians have settled. The granddaughter Christine, who is the narrator, describes with great feeling its prairies—so flat that "even the flight of a bird, suspended in so much space, twists the heart." In the winter, storms puff up the snow and send it racing across the sky, while in summer the plains lie still and parched. Spring with its planting and golden autumn redeem the harshness of the other parts of the year. But we feel sure that, like her mother and grandmother, the narrator relishes them all.

For all that, the background with its emphasis upon the seasons only complements or enhances the human adventure of childhood, maturity, and old age, which constitutes the theme of the book. The first episode describes the little girl's stay with her grandmother—a grandmother who knows how to make a doll from scratch and dress it in pieces from her marvelous bag of scraps, a grandmother who goes on canning and preserving, although there is no one left at home to eat what she puts up each fall. Christine is six the summer she visits her grandmother. The summer she is eight she meets a very old gentleman, and their trip out of the sweltering city to see beautiful Lake Winnipeg constitutes episode number two. Like two quaint dolls themselves, the child in pink organdy and old Monsieur Saint-Hilaire sit before the extraordinary spectacle of the waves. At the age of eleven Christine has another outing—this time on a mover's cart. Perched high amid chairs, washtubs, and bedding, in her organdy dress and her white hair ribbon, she jogs along beside the mover and his ragamuffin daughter. Before the day is over, Christine has had a view of poverty, which troubles her as she had been troubled by old age and death. In the last incident of the book, Christine, now a grown woman, talks out her thoughts with her mother as they motor across the prairies in the autumn.

The reluctance of old age to give up, the transformation of the past remembered, comprehension that comes too late, the banal miracle of growing to resemble one's parents—such are the musings and memories that constitute Gabrielle Roy's book. It will not disappoint those who have found her previous works worthy of the prizes—notably the Prix Femina—that they have received.

—Laurent LeSage.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4 (Elinor Wylie: "The Eagle and the Mole"), 8 (Gray: "Elegy . . ."), 10 (Poe: "The Raven"), 12 (Browning: "Home Thoughts from Abroad"), 1 (Coleridge: "Ancient Mariner"), 3 (Shakespeare: "Love's Labour's Lost"), 11 (George Meredith: "Modern Love"), 9 (Padraic Colum: "No Child"); 6, 5, 2 (Henley: "Echoes, To A.D."), 7 (Dickinson, "To Hear an Oriole").

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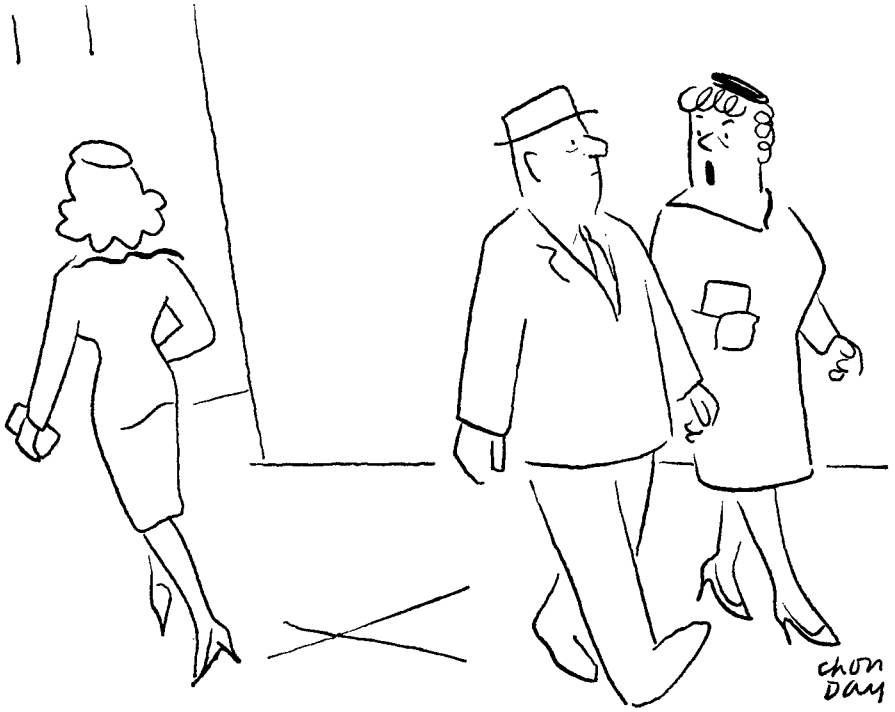
The Inner Man

I AM AFRAID that if I attempted to reduce the plot of *Fantastic Voyage* to a convenient capsule, I would destroy completely the excitement and wonder that constitute the film's greatest appeal. During the past few years, both science and the cinema have made enormous strides in penetrating outer space. It has remained for this picture, written by Harry Kleiner, to venture into *inner* space—the intricate miracle that exists within our own bodies. *Fantastic Voyage* dares to postulate a scientific device that can reduce both men and machines (really) to such an extent that they can be injected into the human bloodstream, and from there penetrate, via arteries, capillaries, ducts, and the inner ear, into the brain itself. Further, it suggests that by this extraordinary procedure, delicate operations (using laser beams) can be performed from within the living tissues. It is an intriguing possibility; and 20th Century-Fox's skilled special-effects people have exploited to the full its potential for imaginative yet plausible visuals.

But if the technical wizardry of this scientific adventure is an altogether remarkable projection of things to come, the story that motivates it is a rather humdrum recapitulation of things as they are. A noted scientist, his head crammed with useful information, has been critically injured by "the enemy." Our military needs what he knows, and is prepared to "miniaturize" a submarine and a team of surgeons to clear the obstruction in his brain. One of the doctors, however, may be subversive, so a security officer (Stephen Boyd) is sent along to keep an eye on things. One of the things he keeps his eye on, of course, is Arthur Kennedy's shapely assistant, Raquel Welch. The mystery element is not strong: When Dr. Kennedy gives vent to *Reader's Digest*-like bits of philosophy and verse, it is all too obvious that *he* is not the villain. Which leaves only Donald Pleasence, who has been rolling his eyes so mightily anyway that when he conks the sub's captain with a crowbar, it comes as a surprise only to Mr. Boyd.

Pleasence, however, is merely an incidental villain, a plot device to delay the sub while the film's real menaces are summoned into action—the beat of the heart, the wind in the lungs, the turbulence set off by the sound waves of a dropped pair of scissors reverberating in the inner ear, the gathering of antibodies and white corpuscles to fight off intruders in the bloodstream. In making these tangible and real, *Fantastic Voyage* passes on to the layman a lesson in physiology not readily forgotten. But, as was emphasized by a recent exhibit at the Lytton Center in Los Angeles, the decor of the film—its depiction of arteries, lungs, and brain cells—amazingly reflects the forms and configurations of our contemporary arts.



"You can release the paunch now."

If Cary Grant's new comedy, *Walk, Don't Run*, seems vaguely familiar, it is simply because its basic plot, plus great chunks of the dialogue, have been lifted bodily from a delightful old movie by George Stevens, *The More the Merrier*, that starred Charles Coburn and Jean Arthur. Stevens's picture, which dealt with Washington's wartime housing shortage, was fresh and topical; it found fun in a situation that everyone knew existed. The new version transports the action to Tokyo during the 1964 Olympic Games where, like a custom-made suit that has been altered for somebody else, it still fits—but not to perfection. In the translation, something has gone wrong with the premise. Cary Grant, playing an over-age Cupid, is much too rich and important not to find rooms just because he has arrived in Tokyo two days early. And, unlike the late Mr. Coburn, he is far too charming and attractive for any young lady—in this instance, Samantha Eggar—to share an apartment with unless she has designs of her own. As it happens, all her designs are unaccountably directed toward an insufferable under-secretary at the British Embassy, and Grant spends the major part of the picture rerouting them toward Jim Hutton, of the U.S. Olympic team. Too long, as are most comedies today, *Walk, Don't Run* seems to take its title far too literally; but there are several very funny sequences, a jaunty score by Quincy Jones, and the unflawed elegance of Mr. Grant. With a light, bright touch and a debonair smile, he gives the film the happy sheen of a charade that must never be taken seriously. It almost works.

That comedy need be neither contemporary nor topical to be effective is impressively demonstrated in the current reissue of Harold Lloyd's 1925 classic, *The Freshman*, which occupies the greater part of his compilation film, *The Funny Side of Life*. Realizing that several generations have grown up without knowing what "the glasses character" is all about, Lloyd wisely—albeit rather lamely—devotes the first half hour of the picture to explanatory excerpts. But once *The Freshman* gets under way, the explanations seem superfluous. Brash, plucky, plagued by Fate, driven by ambition, Harold embodies the all-American go-getter—as valid a figure of fun as Chaplin's tramp or W. C. Fields's irascible braggart. Certainly, in *The Freshman* the "glasses character" emerges as an endearing, even admirable American type. And, despite a distractingly portentous musical score, the film remains one of the funniest comedies produced in the silent era.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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THE TREND this season seems to be toward revivals. However, four nonprofit theaters will be responsible for most of them. At Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, Jules Irving and Herbert Blau have heeded the critics and augmented their company with proven actors and one guest director, Canada's John Hirsch. The APA-Phoenix returns to the Lyceum fortified by the addition of Helen Hayes and Will Geer to its ensemble. At City Center Jean Dalrymple has projected a distinguished fall drama season. And the Cherry Lane will, under the aegis of Theatre 1966, present a series of American play revivals. Added to this is *Annie Get Your Gun* with Ethel Merman which reopens at the Broadway on September 21. And, hopefully, the planned revival of *Ulysses in Nighttown* with Zero Mostel, which is now having difficulties with the rights, will be seen.

The rest of the theaters, except for eight which house six long-running musicals and two long-running comedies, will receive six new musicals derived from extant plays, novels, and short stories, and right after Christmas will be joined by Michael Flanders and Donald Swann in *At the Drop of Another Hat* (December 26 at the Henry Miller) and Molly Picon and Menasha Skulnik in *Chu Chem* by Ted Allan, Mitch Leigh, Jim Haines and Jack Wohl (January 3 at the George Abbott). Later in the season one can pencil in such other musicals as *Hallelujah, Baby!* by Arthur Laurents, Jule Styne, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green; Melina Mercouri and Orson Bean in *Never on Sunday* by Jules Dassin, John Patrick, and Manos Hadjidakis; Rosalind Russell in *Coco* by Alan Jay Lerner and Andre Previn; and Jason Robards in *Softly* by Hugh Wheeler, Harold Arlen, and Martin Charnin.

The list of imported plays is less impressive than it was last year. However, it includes a new play by Brian Friel whose *Philadelphia, Here I Come!* was the unofficial winner of the Drama Critics Circle Award, and *The Killing of Sister George,* which was voted the best new play of 1965 by the London critics. Peter Weiss's harrowing report on the concentration camp atrocity trials, *The Investigation,* will be brought here as a public service by the David Merrick Foundation. Early in January we shall see the Royal Shakespeare Company production of Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming* and Noel Coward in his own *Suite in Three Keys.* Peter Shaffer's *Black Comedy* and Friedrich Duerrenmatt's *The Meteor* are also promised.

The domestic plays include new entries by Edward Albee and Neil Simon. If the general impression is that it will be a conservative theater year, it also promises to be a sound and admirable one. —HENRY HEWES.

Opened Before Christmas

	TITLE AND AUTHOR	TENTATIVE CAST	OPENING
IMPORTED	HELP STAMP OUT MARRIAGE!, Keith Waterhouse, Willis Hall	Roddy Maude-Roxby, Valerie French	Thurs., Sept. 29 Booth
	THE INVESTIGATION, Peter Weiss	Vivian Nathan, Tom Pedi, Ferdie Hoffman.	Tues., Oct. 4 Ambassador
	THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, Frank Marcus	Beryl Reid, Eileen Atkins, Lally Bowers, Polly Rowles	Wed., Oct. 5 Belasco
	THE LOVES OF CASS MCGUIRE, Brian Friel	Ruth Gordon, Brid Lynch, Arthur O'Sullivan	Thurs., Oct. 6 Helen Hayes
	HOW'S THE WORLD TREATING YOU? Roger Milner	Patricia Routledge, Peter Bayliss	Mon., Oct. 24 Music Box
MUSICAL	A JOYFUL NOISE, Edward Padula, Oscar Brand, Paul Nassau. (From Borden Deal's *The Insolent Breed*)	John Raitt, Swen Swenson, Donna McKechnie, Mitzie Welch, Allan Louw	Mon., Oct. 3 Hellinger
	CABARET, Joe Masteroff, John Kander, Fred Ebb (From Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories*)	Jill Haworth, Lotte Lenya, Jack Gilford	Mon., Nov. 20 Broadhurst
	I DO, I DO, Tom Jones, Harvey Schmidt (From Jan de Hartog's *The Fourposter*)	Mary Martin, Robert Preston	Tues., Nov. 15 46th Street
	WALKING HAPPY, Roger O. Hirson, James Van Heusen, Sammy Cahn.	Norman Wisdom, George Rose, Louise Troy	Sat., Nov. 26 Lunt-Fontanne
	BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S, Abe Burrows, Bob Merrill (From Truman Capote's novella)	Mary Tyler Moore	Sat., Nov. 26 Majestic
OTHER	THORNTON WILDER ONE-ACTS, Thornton Wilder (Revival)	John Beal, Leora Dana, Paula Trueman	Tues., Sept. 6 Cherry Lane
	ISRAELI MIME THEATRE, Noam Sheriff	Claude Kipnis	Tues., Sept. 6 DeLys
	DINNER AT EIGHT, George S. Kaufman, Edna Ferber (Revival)	Arlene Francis, Ruth Ford, June Havoc, Walter Pidgeon, Darren McGavin	Tues., Sept. 27 Alvin
	THE COUNTRY GIRL, Clifford Odets (Revival)	Jennifer Jones, Franchot Tone, Rip Torn	Thurs., Sept. 29 City Center
	THE ALCHEMIST, Ben Jonson (Revival)	Michael O'Sullivan, Philip Bosco, George Voskovec	Thurs., Oct. 13 Beaumont
	THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN, George S. Kaufman		Tues., Oct. 18 Cherry Lane
	THE ROSE TATTOO, Tennessee Williams (Revival)	Maureen Stapleton	Thurs., Oct. 20 City Center
	ELIZABETH THE QUEEN, Maxwell Anderson (Revival)	Judith Anderson, Donald Davis	Tues., Nov. 1 City Center
	THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, Richard Brinsley Sheridan (Revival)	APA-Phoenix Company	Mon., Nov. 21 Lyceum
	RIGHT YOU ARE IF YOU THINK YOU ARE, Luigi Pirandello (Revival)	APA-Phoenix Company	Tues., Nov. 22 Lyceum
	YERMA, Federico Garcia Lorca (Revival)	Gloria Foster, Aline MacMahon	Thurs., Dec. 8 Beaumont
DOMESTIC	A DELICATE BALANCE, Edward Albee	Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, Rosemary Murphy	Thurs., Sept. 22 Martin Beck
	DON'T DRINK THE WATER, Woody Allen	Lou Jacobi	Thurs., Nov. 3 Morosco
	THE PLAY GIRLS, Leonard Spigelgass	Gertrude Berg	Thurs., Nov. 17 Cort
	DAPHNE IN COTTAGE D, Stephen Levi	Sandy Dennis	Wed., Nov. 30 Music Box
	HE TO HECUBA, Michael Stewart	Alfred Drake	Thurs., Dec. 1 ANTA
	FORESTS OF THE NIGHT, Arnold Sundgaard	Ingrid Thulin	Thurs., Dec. 1
	THE STAR-SPANGLED GIRL, Neil Simon	Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin	Wed., Dec. 14 Plymouth
BOOKS	WE HAVE ALWAYS LIVED IN THE CASTLE, Hugh Wheeler (Shirley Jackson's novel)	Shirley Knight, Sidney Blackmer, Tom Stern	Wed., Oct. 19 Barrymore
	A WHITMAN PORTRAIT, Paul Shyre (From Walt Whitman's poems)	E. G. Marshall	Tues., Oct. 11 Gramercy Arts
	WE COMRADES THREE, Richard Baldridge (Walt Whitman's poems)	APA Company	Tues., Dec. 13 Lyceum
	MY SWEET CHARLIE, David Westheim (From his own novel)		Sun., Nov. 27 Longacre

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SR Recommends

BOOKS

Nonfiction

WHEN CHINA WAKES, Robert Guillain. Walker, $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 20)—*Le Monde* reporter buttresses his 1964 diary of a summer in China with recollections of the country that extend back to 1937 and include telling conversations with plant managers, professors, and engineers.

THE JEWS IN THEIR LAND, conceived and edited by David Ben-Gurion. Doubleday, $17.50 (*SR,* Aug. 20)—Essays by impeccable scholars document the story of Hebraic Palestine from the earliest days to its rebirth in Israel, a climax related by Ben-Gurion himself whose Zionist philosophy pervades the entire volume. The whole is enriched by several hundred beautiful photographs, many of them in color.

CHRISTIAN BELIEFS AND ANTI-SEMITISM. Charles Y. Glock and Rodney Stark. Harper & Row, $8.50 (*SR,* Aug. 20)—Based on a survey of 3,000 north California church members, the first of a projected six-volume study of prejudice reveals that much of the respondents' hostility toward the modern Jew stems from New Testament writings.

THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS, Carl Bakal. McGraw-Hill, $6.95 (*SR,* Aug. 27)—Almost every reasonably civilized nation in the world has restrictions on civilian access to firearms. Why, asks the author, doesn't the United States? As part of the answer he points to the National Rifle Association lobby.

EXPANDING LIBERTIES: FREEDOM'S GAINS IN POSTWAR AMERICA, Milton R. Konvitz. Viking, $8.50 (*SR,* Aug. 6)—Focusing on the Supreme Court, this Constitutional history of the past quarter century evinces the importance of private citizens' associations to the maintenance of our liberties.

TRUJILLO: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF A CARIBBEAN DICTATOR, Robert D. Crassweller. Macmillan, $8.95 (*SR,* Aug. 13)—This first-rate biography, by its very objectivity, makes the reader realize the horror suffered in the Dominican Republic for thirty-one years under the tyranny of *El Benefactor.*

THE STEP TO MAN, John Rader Platt. John Wiley, $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 13)—The well-known biophysicist and humanist discusses optimistically ways to increase human intelligence so that it can deal with the population explosion, the threat of nuclear war, and the need to create a workable world government.

THE NEGRO AMERICAN, ed. by Talcott Parsons and Kenneth B. Clark. Houghton-Mifflin, $9.50 (*SR,* Aug. 13)—These thirty penetrating essays constitute the most complete summary available of today's racial crisis.

ANYPLACE BUT HERE, Arna Bontemps and Jack Conroy. Hill & Wang, $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 13)—A carefully updated revision of *They Seek a City* (first published in 1945), which uncovers the exploits of the Negro explorers and wanderers who blazed new trails across the American continent, as well as the Negro migrations that followed them.

THE MAFIA AND POLITICS, Michele Pantaleone. Coward-McCann, $5.50 (*SR,* Aug. 13)—In 1962, following publication of these articles by the crusading Sicilian journalist, the Italian Parliament appointed a committee to find means of eradicating the so-called "honored society."

SONS OF FRANCE: PETAIN AND DE GAULLE, Jean-Raymond Tournoux; tr. from the French by Oliver Coburn. Viking, $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 6)—One is never quite sure where documentary ends and fiction begins in these fascinating anecdotes about the hero of Verdun and the leader of the Free French, who condemned each other to death. Nevertheless, it is a grand tale, told in the manner of a Dumas and a Michelet.

Fiction

A HANDFUL OF RICE, Kamala Markandaya. John Day, $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 27)—Although set in Bombay, this story of how a young man, arrogant and free, is crushed into resignation might have taken place anywhere.

GILES GOAT-BOY, John Barth. Doubleday, $6.95 (*SR,* Aug. 6)—A bawdy and exciting allegorical tale about a young male goat who, in his struggle to become not only a man but a hero, undergoes a satirical series of tests.

THE STRANGER IN THE SNOW, Lester Goran. New American Library, $4.95 (*SR,* Aug. 13)—Makes credible the funny, sad adventures in Pittsburgh, Miami, and Louisville of a likable schlemiel.

THE MARTLET'S TALE, Nicholas Delbanco. Lippincott, $4.50 (*SR,* Aug. 6)—This first novel, concerned with a dying Greek matriarch and the grandson to whom she promises the secret of her hidden fortune, stunningly reveals the ways in which our actions derive from promptings we cannot understand.

THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA, Robert Crichton. Simon & Schuster, $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 27)—The reader is carried along magically from page to page as the residents of a poor Italian hill village, shortly after the fall of Mussolini, plot to hide their wine before a nearby German force occupies the town and confiscates it.

THE ANTI-DEATH LEAGUE, Kingsley Amis. Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95 (*SR,* Aug. 20)—A spoof of espionage, sex, the military, psychiatry, and various other contemporary preoccupations that is, at last, an exciting development in the career of the author of *Lucky Jim.*

EXCURSION, Francis Pollini. Putnam, $4.95 (*SR,* Aug. 20)—For all its seemingly loose construction, this examination of the sensual and spiritual aspects of an ex-ballerina's return to the scenes of her triumph in Europe is as controlled as an extraordinarily dramatic ballet.

THE LATE BOURGEOIS WORLD, Nadine Gordimer. Viking, $3.50 (*SR,* Aug. 20)—An account of the smooth, highly polished surface of life among the white middle class in South Africa, beneath which are spying, sudden arrests, beatings, deaths, and the prospect of revolution.

Art Books

TREASURES OF SPAIN, FROM CHARLES V TO GOYA, Alexandre Cirici-Pellicer. Skira, $29.50 (*SR,* Aug. 27)—Stunning color photographs of architecture and reproductions of paintings—unhappily accompanied by a poor text.

ART TREASURES FROM THE RIJKSMUSEUM (with a foreword by the director and brief annotations on each object by a staff member). Abrams, $25 (*SR,* Aug. 27)—Reproductions in color and black-and-white disclose a trove of drawings, prints, sculptures, and decorative arts of the seventeenth century, in addition to the museum's celebrated paintings.

POUSSIN, Abrams, $20 (*SR,* Aug. 27)—Forty-eight brisk color plates follow an introduction by Walter Friedlaender, who displays remarkable perception with respect to the great Frenchman's difficult art. Both text and plates are generously complemented by black-and-white illustrations.

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY (2 Vols.), Harvard University Press, $25 (*SR,* Aug. 27)—Black-and-white reproductions do justice to America's first truly professional portraitist. In Vol. 1, Jules David Prown has tabulated, with the help of a computer, the social and economic origins and professions of the American sitters. In Vol. 2, Professor Prown deals with the less familiar English period. Copley's biography is fully documented, the drawings and paintings are, for the first time, completely catalogued, and there is an excellent bibliography.

KHMER SCULPTURE AND THE ANGKOR CIVILIZATION, Abrams, $25 (*SR,* Aug. 27)—Black-and-white and color photographs by Hans Hinz attest to the exalted beauty which Southeast Asia once created. Text by Madeleine Giteau.

MOVIES

ALFIE (*SR,* Aug. 27)—With Michael Caine giving the scruffy womanizer who is the protagonist a kind of ironic sympathy, the movie is much more successful than the play from the same book.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Exhibitions

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER FINK. Art Institute of Chicago. Something new under the North African sun: a lens-with-a-light-touch that captures both archeological site and animate sidelight with equal precision. (*SR,* Aug. 27.)

WHAT IS MAN? Museum of the Philadelphia Civic Center. Tangible answers—often human and at times even mansize—are provided by 200 photographers from thirty countries in a show making its American debut after a successful European launching last year. (Later to be circulated throughout the United States by the Smithsonian Institution.)

Publications

FREEWAYS, by Lawrence Halprin. Reinhold, $12.50. The landscape architect-planner who sees freeways not merely as traffic carriers but as "a new form of urban sculpture for motion" presents an effective visual argument through his own communicative camerawork.

MOMENT OF LIGHT, by Clara Sipprell; with an appreciation by Elizabeth Gray Vining. John Day, $12.95. A life story relived through the portrait subjects that have spanned a fifty-year-career in available-light photography.

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Bright Periods in Cornwall

THE MASSIVE CLIFFS of Cornwall, towering over its broad and sandy beaches, had been on my mind since 1943 when, during World War II, I was stationed there in Newquay with the American Red Cross. It seemed to me that I could still hear the roar of the ocean winds that had made it all but impossible, on many blacked-out nights, to climb the cobblestone streets which led to the tiny hotel where I lived. My recollections were strong enough, at any rate, to pull me back to Cornwall over two decades later, partly because I wanted to see its beauties in peacetime, partly out of sentiment, and partly out of curiosity.

Newquay's beaches were deceivingly deserted on that early morning when I returned to the Cornish coast. They stretched far, wide, and broad on both sides of the headland which supported the Atlantic Inn where my husband and I were to stay. Below us, in a quiet cove, hundreds of sailing boats lay anchored. It was the Newquay I remembered, but it was lovelier, more accessible, and more inviting than it had been those years before.

Cornwall is a peninsula about seventy-five miles long and we used the hotel as an operational headquarters from which we could make daily jaunts up and down the exciting coast and into the historic inland. First we headed north toward Tintagel, storied site of King Arthur's castle. (The legend of the Round Table is so large in Britain's memory that many places claim him as their own, but Tintagel's case is a good one.) Spectacular views loomed up at almost every turn and we had to stop and gaze upon each broad beach and striking cliff.

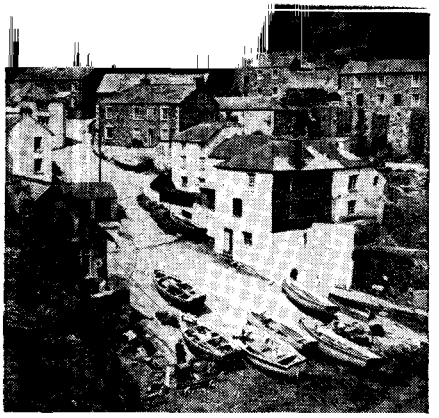
From one cliff we had a fine look at Bedruthan Steps, the name given to huge, detached masses of rock along the beach. Supposedly, these were steps of a legendary giant, Bedruthan. The most famous of these is the Queen Bess Rock, which offers, in its eroded form, a wonderful profile of the Virgin Queen, "with ruff and farthingale complete."

The villages we passed were charming, especially St. Mawgan, named for a fifth-century disciple of St. Patrick. I remembered St. Mawgan so well. It was the site of a huge English airbase during the war, used by the American Air Transport Command where our Red Cross clubmobile crew had served coffee and donuts for many months. Today it has a new Air Terminal, opened only within the past year, from which commercial planes fly to London and other cities in Great Britain, putting all of Cornwall easily within the range of any visitor's itinerary.

Even without the Arthurian connection, Tintagel Haven would still be among the most striking of the places we saw in Cornwall. It has great cliffs, a headland that is almost an island, sheltered coves, dramatic caves, and a clear sea. But the ruins of a twelfth-century castle at the top of the steep cliff brought King Arthur immediately to mind.

TINTAGEL is reputed to be Arthur's birthplace, and from this cliff fort he fought his battles. The castle was a medieval structure of the period of the Arthur of legend and fiction, and it is easy to attach to it the romance of Lancelot and Guinivere. One can even visualize a round table in one of its great halls, which lie in outlined ruins today.

Among the old stones is a great gatehouse on a high hill that covers the approach to the castle. The ancient drawbridge is no longer there, and to get to the main castle we walked along a path close to the beach, and then up another bordering the edge of rock along the castle headland. Great care is taken of the ruins; a lovely green turf grows between the walls where carpeting once covered apartment floors.



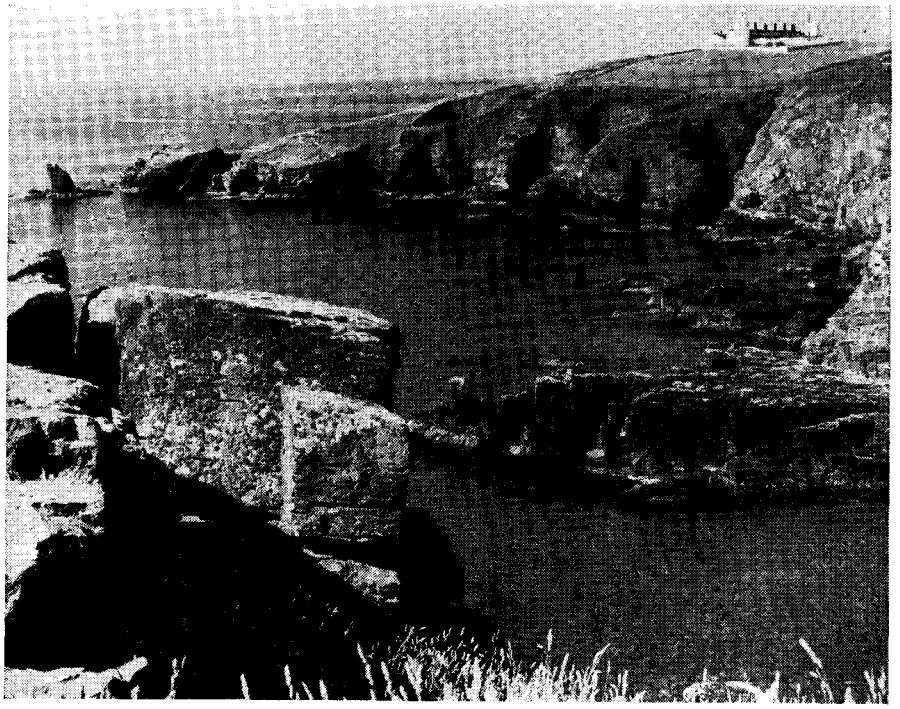
—BTA.

In Portloe one of the main occupations is fishing. Here the boats are drawn up after the day's catch.

A nearby village called Trevena, suitably ancient, has been chosen to accommodate visitors. King Arthur's Hall has been erected again to serve as headquarters for a modern association founded to preserve Arthurian traditions.

NEWQUAY itself buzzes with holiday visitors, which is not surprising since the English on vacation seem by tradition to head for the seaside. The two-week Bank Holiday period, however, brings them out in extraordinary numbers, many of them camping outside the city.

Our drive inland, next day, produced an entirely different face of Cornwall. The land there is mostly flat with the moors rising gradually though noticeably. Bodmin Moor, a huge mass of granite, reaches a height of 1,375 ft. and



—BTA.

Housel Bay—"the massive cliffs of Cornwall."

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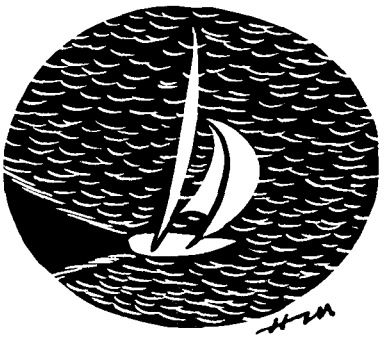
is, after Dartmoor, in Devon, the second largest of the moors in Southwestern England. While desolate and lonely, the moors soften the landscape with the color of their low shrubs and wild flowers.

Enclosing the inland beauty are hedges made of stone, rather than the usual dense shrub so typical of most other parts of England. But the stone hedges are not bare; some are covered with grey and yellow lichens and cushioned green moss, while others are covered with beautiful yellow furze or large coarse ferns called bracken.

We confined the rest of our Cornwall visit to seacoast towns and villages below Newquay along the Atlantic Ocean and the tip of the peninsula. St. Ives was our first stop, and the view of the harbor, its sailing vessels neatly packed into a sheltered cove which borders one side of the town, quickly justifies its reputation as the picture-postcard English fishing village.

To pass through St. Ives by car is difficult at best but impossible at Bank Holiday time. We parked the car and made our way down to the port on foot. The streets are narrow and winding, and, as in many Cornish villages, the crowds spill out into the streets. Houses are closely packed against one another and, at times, thrusts of stone protrude between houses. The village was truly built around a great cliff.



For the run from St. Ives to Land's End we chose the shore road. This twenty-mile strip of coastal area has often been described as the "roughest, most exhilarating" part of Cornwall—and indeed it was! The great cliffs seemed to resume their march—so many there were, and in such alignment. The color of the fishing villages was gone, and so was the lush vegetation of some inland areas; there were black, frowning, wave-beaten cliffs which could be unfriendly—just as the sea, in a storm. The tales of the old Cornish "wreckers" came to mind, with their lust for shipwrecked goods, and their wily skills in luring boats to their rocks. It was an eerie feeling and we were glad the day was a bright one. I don't think we would have pursued our route to Land's End in clouds or rain.

"You are loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful . . . but stop using slugs."

At Land's End we shared, to an extent, the Englishman's feeling of pilgrimage to the uttermost point of England, although we were able to look out to the sea around us and know that our own country was somewhere on the other side of this vast body of water. Scenically, Land's End offered little aside from the sea and the cliffs—only a few houses and a souvenir shop.

Not far from Land's End, we came to Porthcurno where a summer repertory group does Shakespearean and Greek dramas in the open-air Minack Theatre. We could not stop over for the evening performance, but could easily imagine Macbeth decamping as satisfactorily against the Cornish cliffs as the craggy heights of his native Scotland.

A SLIGHT detour off the main road, as we rounded the toe of the peninsula, took us to Mousehold, an absolutely delightful, tiny fishing port, one of the oldest in Cornwall. Quaint stone houses, lining narrow streets, crowded themselves close to the small, oval harbor. We had lobster for lunch at a place on the water's edge and wondered which of the visible tiny coves had harbored contraband goods. Cornwall, with its rugged seacoast of accessible, hidden coves, was a major smuggling center in the last half of the eighteenth century.

We became aware of the shelter of Mount's Bay as we continued around the tip of Cornwall. The vegetation became subtropical, the flowers were bright, and we caught some of the spirit of what the English call their own "Riviera." Penzance, center of the Mount's Bay area, is a substantial commercial city, but it is also a resort. Its harbor is large and offers the best of sailing and deep sea fishing in the county.

Penzance's past, be it fact and fiction, is enough to light one's imagination. Its strategic location in the center of a deep bay has always opened it up to attack and infiltration throughout the centuries of invasions and wars. Even in the last war, it was shelled by German hit-and-run raiders.

But the fables of Gilbert and Sullivan, and their tales of pirates, compel the visitor to probe among the nearby coves and imagine the warm-hearted pillagers capering around the cliffs in search of gold and generals' daughters. One might agree with Gilbert who said the amiable profession of piracy in Penzance, when contrasted with respectability, was comparatively honest.

Whether Cornwall's smugglers and pirates were honorable men or rascals doesn't matter; they were a colorful lot, nonetheless, and so were King Arthur and his knights who laid down the earliest legends in Cornwall that visitors inhale today with so much pleasure.

—Elma Fay.

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Walt Whitman

By KENNETH REXROTH

OUR CIVILIZATION is the only one in history whose major artists have rejected its dominant values. Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Rimbaud, Stendhal, Flaubert, Dostoevsky, Melville, Mark Twain—all are self-alienated outcasts. One nineteenth-century writer of world importance successfully refused alienation, yet still speaks significantly to us—Walt Whitman, the polar opposite of Baudelaire.

Most intellectuals of our generation think of America as the apotheosis of commercial, competitive, middle-class society. Because Whitman found within it an abundance of just those qualities that it seems today most to lack, the sophisticated read him little and are inclined to dismiss him as fraudulent or foolish. The realization of the American Dream as an apocalypse, an eschatological event which would give the life of man its ultimate significance, was an invention of Whitman's.

Other religions have been founded on the promise of the Community of Love, the Abode of Peace, the Kingdom of God. Whitman identified with his own nation-state. We excuse such ideas only when they began 3,000 years ago in the Levantine desert. In our own time we suspect them of dangerous malevolence. Yet Whitman's vision exposes and explodes all the frauds that pass for the American Way of Life. It is the last and greatest vision of the American potential.

Today, when many intellectuals and politicians hold each other in supreme contempt, few remember that America was founded by, and for three generations ruled by, intellectuals. As they were driven from power in the years before the Civil War their vision of a practicable utopia diffused out into society, went underground, surfaced again in cooperative colonies, free-love societies, labor banks, vegetarianism, feminism, Owenites, Fourierists, Saint-Simonians, anarchists, and dozens of religious communal sects. Whitman was formed in this environment. Whenever he found it convenient he spoke of himself as a Quaker and used Quaker language. Much of his strange lingo is not the stilted rhetoric of the self-taught, but simply Quaker talk. Most of his ideas were commonplaces in the radical and pietistic circles and the Abolition Movement. This was the first American Left, for whom the Civil War was a revolutionary war and who, after it was over, refused to believe that it was not a won revolution.

Unfortunately for us, as is usually the case in won revolutions, the language of the revolutionists turned into a kind of newspeak. The vocabulary of Whitman's moral epic has been debauched by a hundred years of editorials and political speeches. Still, there are two faces to the coin of newspeak—the counterfeit symbol of power and the golden face of liberty. The American Dream that is the subject of *Leaves of Grass* is again becoming believable as the predatory society that intervenes between us and Whitman passes away.

Walt Whitman's democracy is utterly different from the society of free rational contractual relationships inaugurated by the French Revolution. It is a community of men related by organic satisfactions, in work, love, play, the family, comradeship; a social order whose essence is the liberation and universalization of selfhood. *Leaves of Grass* is not a great work of art just because it has a great program, but it does offer point-by-point alternatives to the predatory society, as well as to the systematic doctrine of alienation from it that has developed from Baudelaire and Kierkegaard to the present.

In all of Whitman's many celebrations of labor, abstract relations are never mentioned. Money appears to be scorned. Sailors, carpenters, longshoremen, bookkeepers, seamstresses, engineers, artists—all seem to be working for "nothing," participants in a universal creative effort where each discovers his ultimate individuation. The day's work over, they loaf and admire the world on summer hillsides, blowing on leaves of grass, or strolling the quiet First-Day streets of Manhattan, arms about one another's broad shoulders, or making love in religious ecstasy. Unlike almost all other ideal societies, Whitman's utopia, which he calls "These States," is not a projection of the virtues of an idealized past into the future, but an attempt to extrapolate the future into the American present. His is a realized eschatology.

The Middle Ages called hope a theological virtue. They meant that, with faith and love, hope was essential to the characteristic being of mankind. Now hope is joy in the presence of the future in the present. On this joy creative effort depends, because creation relates past, present, and future in concrete acts that result in enduring objects and experiences. Beyond the consideration of time, Whitman asserts the same principle of being, the focusing of the macrocosm in the microcosm, or its reverse, which is the same thing, as the source of individuation. Again and again he identifies himself with a transfigured America, the community of work in love and love in work, this community with the meaning of the universe, the vesture of God, a great chain of being which begins, or ends, in Walt Whitman, or his reader—Adam-Kadmon who contains all things—ruled in order by love.

Whitman's philosophy may resemble that of the *Upanishads* as rewritten by Thomas Jefferson. What differentiates it is the immediacy of substantial vision, the intensity of the wedding of image and moral meaning. Although Whitman is a philosophical poet, almost always concerned with his message, he is at the same time a master of Blake's "minute particulars," one of the clearest and most dramatic imagists in literature.

Not the least element of his greatness is his extraordinary verse. He was influenced, it is true, by Isaiah, Ossian, and all the other sources discovered by scholarship. His poetry has influenced all the cadenced verse that has come after it. Yet, in fact, there has never been anything like Whitman's verse before or since. It was original and remained inimitable. It is the perfect medium for poetic homilies on the divinization of man.

Only recently it was fashionable to dismiss Whitman as foolish and dated, a believer in the myth of progress and the preacher of an absurd patriotism. Today we know that it is Whitman's vision or nothing.

"Mankind, the spirit of the Earth, the paradoxical conciliation of the element with the whole and of unity with multitude—all these are called utopian, and yet they are biologically necessary. For them to be incarnated in the world all we may need is to imagine our power of loving developing until it embraces the total of man and of the earth." So said Teilhard de Chardin. Or, as Whitman says in the great mystical poems which are the climax of his book, contemplation is the highest form and the ultimate source of all moral activity because it views all things in their timeless aspect, through the eyes of love.

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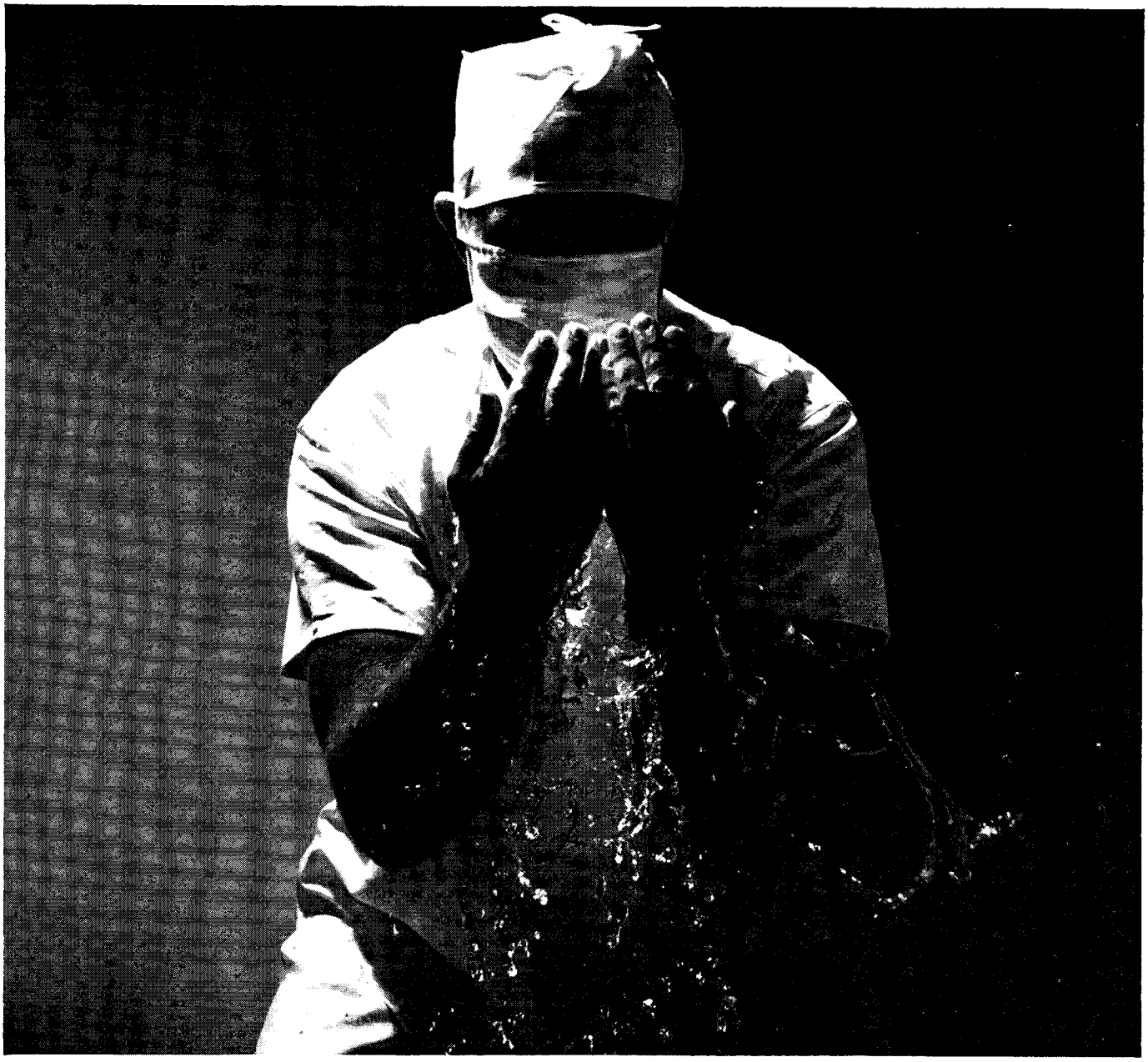

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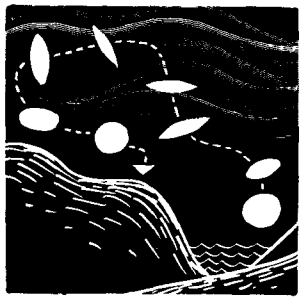

—Doug Anderson.

SR / Research
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: The Computer, the Eye, the Soul

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE DISPUTED CIA DOCUMENT ON UFOs

IN this space last month, there appeared a report on the twenty-year-old argument over whether planet earth is being clandestinely explored by intelligently guided vehicles from planets of stars other than earth's sun. The report began by pointing out that the Darwinian theory of evolution has encouraged modern astronomers to accept the idea that the skies must hold hundreds if not thousands of planets on which living creatures have evolved to a level of intelligence equal or superior to the intelligence of earthmen. Next, the report recited scientific speculations concerning possible visits to earth by interstellar excursionists in years gone by. Finally, the report made clear that if such visits in fact occurred, the visitors left behind them no unequivocal relics or other signs of their presence.

To believe in the possibility of intelligent life elsewhere than on earth is one thing. To believe that some of the hardier specimens of that life have survived passage through many light-years of space (a light-year is 5,880 billion miles long, and the star nearest to the sun is 4.25 light-years away) and landed on earth without wrecking any of their ships or leaving instruments or tools or articles of clothing or even footprints behind is quite another. Consider, for comparative purposes, the amount of debris earthmen already have scattered over the moon preparatory to landing themselves on the moon, which orbits only 221,593 to 252,948 miles out from earth.

The United States Air Force since 1948 (the year after Idaho businessman Kenneth Arnold said he saw, while piloting his own plane over the Pacific coast of this country, "a chainlike formation of disc-shaped objects" performing spectacular maneuvers around Mount Rainier in the Cascades [see LETTERS, page 50]) has been hunting some fragment of hardware of a "flying saucer." *SR*'s science editor believes that the search has netted absolutely nothing. He so believes because he has read through all but one of the once-secret dossiers the Air Force has kept on UFOs (unidentified flying objects). He cannot be certain, however, because the one exception—the minutes of a meeting of a panel of eminent scientists headed by H. P. Robertson of the California Institute of Technology—is still classified in the secret category thirteen years after issuance of the panel's report in 1953.

At *SR*'s request, during the period when last month's UFO report was being prepared, Major Hector Quintanilla, Jr., of Wright-Patterson Air Force Base at Dayton, Ohio, director of the Blue Book Project under which UFO sightings are shepherded, formally asked declassification of the Robertson panel minutes. Power to remove the secret label from this particular text rested with the Central Intelligence Agency because CIA had summoned the panel. Since publication of *SR*'s report last month, CIA has given Major Quintanilla a "sanitized" [officialese word meaning "edited"] version of those minutes, and the Major has given a copy of the version to *SR* through the Air Force Office of Information in Washington.

The edited copy fills twenty-three standard-sized typescript pages. Nowhere in the script is there an indication of how many lines or pages of the original minutes were deleted, or what was the nature of the deletions, or why any deletion was necessary to protect the nation from its enemies.

CIA'S insistence on editing in the face of an Air Force request for unequivocal declassification of a thirteen-year-old document is unfortunate. The very exercise of censorship suggests that vital information of long-range significance may be withheld for strategic reasons. That CIA, not the Air Force, is the censor is susceptible to interpretation as a sign that whatever data is missing has clandestine implications—precisely the claim that UFO fans have been making for years.

The questions raised by the CIA editing of the Robertson panel minutes are further complicated by a comparative reading of the censored version alongside the one-page report that bears the signatures of the Robertson panelists. The report's full text, with the names of its signers, was published in *SR* last month under the mistaken designation of a summary. The primary conclusion stated in the document was "that the evidence presented on Unidentified Flying Objects shows no indication that these phenomena constitute a direct physical threat to national security . . . and that there is no residuum of cases which indicates phenomena which are attributable to foreign artifacts capable of hostile acts. . . ." "In the light of this conclusion," the panel recommended "that the national security agencies take immediate steps to strip the Unidentified Flying Objects of the special status they have been given and the

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aura of mystery they have unfortunately acquired . . . [and that] an integrated program [should be] designed to reassure the public of the total lack of evidence of inimical forces behind the phenomena."

Details of the proposed "integrated program" of public reassurance could not, of course, be spelled out in a single page. They must be looked for in the text of the minutes. As long as the only available version of the minutes is an edited one, the intentions of the panelists are bound to be disputed because the editing process has left in the minutes internal evidence of what appears to be a shift in emphasis by the panelists. Instead of the text signed by the panelists and quoted immediately above, the version of the panel report as edited by CIA concludes as follows:

> In order most effectively to strengthen the national facilities for the timely recognition and the appropriate handling of true indications of hostile action, and to minimize the concomitant dangers alluded to above, the panel recommends:
>
> That the national security agencies take immediate steps to strip the Unidentified Flying Objects of the special status they have been given and the aura of mystery they have unfortunately acquired. We suggest that this aim may be achieved by an integrated program designed to reassure the public of the total lack of evidence of inimical forces behind the phenomena, to train personnel to recognize and reject false indications quickly and effectively, and to strengthen regular channels for the evaluation of and prompt reaction to true indications of hostile measures.

ONLY a semantic quibble may be involved here, but if that is so no arbitrary piece of censorship should be allowed to serve as a magnifying glass. For there is added evidence, in the edited version of the minutes supporting the report itself, of at least a momentary difference of opinion of an unstated degree among the panelists. That evidence reads:

> It was interesting to note that none of the members of the panel were [*sic*] loath to accept that this earth might be visited by extraterrestrial intelligence [*sic*] beings of some sort, some day. What they did not find was any evidence that related the objects sighted to space travelers. One of the panel members, in his presentation, showed how he had eliminated each of the known and probable causes of sightings, leaving him [*sic*] "extraterrestrial" as the only one remaining in many cases. His background as an aeronautical engineer and technical intelligence officer could not be slighted. However, the panel could not accept any of the cases cited by him because they were raw, unevaluated reports. Terrestrial explanations of the sightings were suggested in some cases, and in others the time of sighting was so short as to cause suspicion of visual impressions. It was noted by others of the panel members that extraterrestrial artifacts, if they did exist, are no cause for alarm; rather, they are in the realm of natural phenomena subject to scientific study, just as cosmic rays were at the time of their discovery twenty to thirty years ago. This was an attitude in which another of the panel members did not concur, as he felt that such artifacts would be of immediate and great concern not only to the U.S. but to all countries. (Nothing like a common threat to unite peoples!) It was noted that present astronomical knowledge of the solar system makes the existence of intelligence [*sic*] beings (as we know the term) elsewhere than on the earth extremely unlikely, and the concentration of their attention by any controllable means confined to any one continent of the earth quite preposterous.

Comparison of the texts of the signed report, the CIA version of the report, and the CIA version of the minutes behind the report leaves no room whatever for doubt that the panel as a whole could not bring itself to accept the thesis that UFOs are interstellar vehicles. The minutes contained one especially pointed observation:

> Attention should be directed to the requirement among scientists that a new phenomenon, to be accepted, must be completely and convincingly documented.
>
> In other words, the burden of proof is on the sighter, not the explainer.

THE real issue that is held open by the CIA's editing is whether the "integrated program" of public reassurance proposed in the Robertson panel's signed report was intended to determine whether UFOs might be interstellar vehicles after all or whether the purpose of the proposal was to convince the public to be skeptical of flying saucer propaganda.

The issue has been a simmering one for the last ten years because of an unauthorized summary of the Robertson panel's deliberations, published in a book authored by the late Air Force Captain Edward J. Ruppelt after Captain Ruppelt left his post as chief of Project Blue Book. Ruppelt's volume, titled *The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects*, is still in print as an Ace paperback. Its chapter sixteen, headed "The Hierarchy Ponders," gives the wording of the opening paragraph of the Robertson panel report as follows:

> We as a group do not believe that it is impossible for some other celestial body to be inhabited by intelligent creatures. Nor is it impossible that these creatures could have reached such a state of development that they could visit the earth. However, there is nothing in all of the so-called "flying saucer" reports that we have read that would indicate that this is taking place.

AFTER reviewing his own efforts as an Air Force officer to persuade the panel that UFOs might be interstellar vehicles, Ruppelt wrote:

> Each of the fifty of our best sightings that we gave the scientists to study had some kind of a loophole. In many cases the loopholes were extremely small, but scientific evaluation has no room for even the smallest of loopholes and we had asked for a scientific evaluation.
>
> When they had finished commenting on the reports, the scientists pointed out the seriousness of the decision they had been asked to make. They said that they had tried hard to be objective and not to be picayunish, but actually all we had was circumstantial evidence. Good circumstantial evidence, to be sure, but we had nothing concrete, no hardware, no photos showing any detail of a UFO, no measured speeds, altitudes, or sizes—nothing in the way of good, hard, cold, scientific facts. . . .
>
> In their conclusions they touched upon the possibility that the UFOs might be some type of new or as yet undiscovered natural phenomenon. They explained that they hadn't given this too much credence; however, if the UFOs were a new natural phenomenon, the reports of their general appearance should follow a definite pattern—the UFO reports didn't.
>
> This ended the section of the panel's report that covered their conclusions. The next section was entitled, "Recommendations." I fully expected that they would recommend that we at least reduce the activities of Project Blue Book if not cancel it entirely. . . .
>
> The panel didn't recommend that the activities of Blue Book be cut back, and they didn't recommend that it be dropped. They recommended that it be expanded. Too many of the reports had been made by credible observers, the report said, people who should know what they're looking at—people who think things out care-

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fully. Data that was out of the circumstantial-evidence class was badly needed. And the panel must have been at least partially convinced that an expanded effort would prove something interesting because the expansion they recommended would require a considerable sum of money. The investigative force of Project Blue Book should be quadrupled in size, they wrote, and it should be staffed by specially trained experts in the fields of electronics, meteorology, photography, physics, and other fields of science pertinent to UFO investigations. Every effort should be made to set up instruments in locations where UFO sightings are frequent, so that data could be measured and recorded during a sighting. In other locations around the country military and civilian scientists should be alerted and instructed to use every piece of available equipment that could be used to track UFOs.

And lastly, they said that the American public should be told every detail of every phase of the UFO investigation—the details of the sightings, the official conclusions, and why the conclusions were made. This would serve a double purpose; it would dispel any of the mystery that security breeds and it would keep the Air Force on the ball—sloppy investigations and analyses would never occur.

THE CIA-edited version of the minutes of the Robertson panel meetings confirms Captain Ruppelt's recitation of his efforts to obtain greater official attention for UFOs. Among other things, he projected motion pictures of UFOs taken at Great Falls, Montana, on August 15, 1950 by Nick Mariana, a baseball team manager, and at Tremonton, Utah, on July 2, 1952 by a Navy Chief Photographer, Warrant Officer Delbert C. Newhouse. (Curiously, no one seems to have noticed that Ruppelt himself later told of watching sunlight glinting from the wings of sea gulls banking high in the air; the "bright white flash . . . [was] much larger than one would expect from sea gulls," he wrote. "There was a strong resemblance to the UFOs in the Tremonton movie.") However, there is little recognizable relationship between the Captain's statement about the Robertson panel's conclusions and the story of those conclusions as told in the CIA-edited minutes. Witness these excerpts from the latter:

> The panel members were impressed with the lack of sound data in the great majority of [UFO] case histories.
>
> It was the panel's opinion that some of the Air Force concern over UFOs (notwithstanding Air Defense Command anxiety over fast radar tracks) was probably caused by public pressure. The result today is that the Air Force has instituted a fine channel for receiving reports of nearly anything anyone sees in the sky and fails to understand. This has been particularly encouraged in popular articles on this and other subjects, such as space travel and science fiction. The result is the mass receipt of low-grade reports which tend to overload channels of communication with material quite irrelevant to hostile objects that might some day appear. The panel agreed generally that this mass of poor-quality reports containing little, if any, scientific data was of no value.
>
> The panel noted that the cost in technical manpower effort required to follow up and explain every one of the thousand or more reports received through channels each year (1,900 in 1952) could not be justified. It was felt that there will always be sightings, for which complete data is lacking, that can only be explained with disproportionate effort and with a long time delay, if at all.
>
> It was agreed by the panel that no government-sponsored program of optical nation-wide sky patrol is worthwhile at the present time.
>
> A broad educational program integrating efforts of all concerned agencies . . . should have two major aims: training and "debunking."
>
> The training aim would result in proper recognition of unusually illuminated objects (*e.g.*, balloons, aircraft reflections) as well as natural phenomena (meteors, fireballs, mirages, noctilucent clouds). Both visual and radar recognition are concerned. There would be many levels in such education from enlisted personnel to command and research personnel. Relative emphasis and degree of explanation of different programs would correspond to the categories of duty (*e.g.*, radar operators; pilots; control tower operators; Ground Observer Corps personnel; and officers and enlisted men in other categories). This training should result in a marked reduction in reports caused by misidentification and resultant confusion.
>
> The "debunking" aim would result in reduction in public interest in "flying saucers" which today evokes a strong psychological reaction. This education could be accomplished by mass media such as television, motion pictures, and popular articles. Basis of such education would be actual case histories which had been puzzling at first but later explained. As in the case of conjuring tricks, there is much less stimulation if the "secret" is known. Such a program should tend to reduce the current gullibility of the public and consequently their susceptibility to clever hostile propaganda.
>
> Members of the panel had various suggestions related to the planning of such an educational program. It was felt strongly that psychologists familiar with mass psychology should advise on the nature and extent of the program. Also, someone familiar with mass communication techniques, perhaps an advertising expert, would be helpful. The teaching techniques used for aircraft identification during the past war were cited as an example of a similar educational task. The amateur astronomers in the U.S. might be a potential source of enthusiastic talent "to spread the gospel." It was believed that business clubs, high schools, colleges, and television stations would all be pleased to cooperate in the showing of documentary type motion pictures if prepared in an interesting manner. The use of true cases showing first the "mystery" and then the "explanations" would be forceful.
>
> To plan and execute such a program, the panel believed was no mean task. The current investigatory group at ATIC [Air Technical Intelligence Command, responsible for Project Blue Book] would, of necessity, have to be closely integrated for support with respect to not only the historical cases but the current ones. Recent cases are probably much more susceptible to explanation than older ones; first, because of ATIC's experience and, secondly, their knowledge of most plausible explanations. The panel believed that some expansion of the ATIC effort would certainly be required to support such a program. It was believed inappropriate to state exactly how large a Table of Organization would be required.
>
> The panel believed that, with ATIC's support, the educational program of "training and debunking" outlined above might be required for a minimum of one-and-one-half to two years. At the end of this time, the dangers related to "flying saucers" should have been greatly reduced if not eliminated.

THE passages just quoted may in fact be verbatim reproductions of the original Robertson panel minutes. But the knowledge that they come from an edited version introduces a gaping doubt because of a set of circumstances which will be described below.

As was reported here last month, the Air Force Scientific Advisory Board in February 1966 assigned an *ad hoc* committee to re-examine the UFO controversy. The committee reported last March. The report stated that "in order to bring themselves up to date, the members of the committee initially

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reviewed the findings of previous scientific panels charged with looking into the UFO problem. Particular attention was given to the report of the Robertson panel which was rendered in January 1953." Although no explicit statement to such effect appears in the record, it can be assumed as certain that the Robertson panel minutes read by the 1966 AFSAB committee were the unedited originals.

THE 1966 committee report included the following observations:

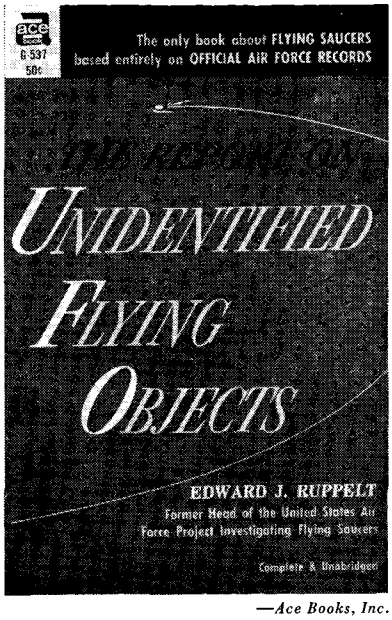
> Although about 6 per cent (646) of all sightings (10,147) in the years 1947 through 1965 are listed by the Air Force as 'unidentified,' it appears to the committee that most of the cases so listed are simply those in which the information available does not provide an adequate basis for analysis. In this connection it is important also to note that no unidentified objects other than those of an astronomical nature have been observed during routine astronomical studies, in spite of the large number of observing hours which have been devoted to the sky. . . .
>
> The committee concluded that in the nineteen years since the first UFO was sighted there has been no evidence that unidentified flying objects are a threat to our national security. Having arrived at this conclusion, the committee then turned its attention to considering how the Air Force should handle the scientific aspects of the UFO problem. Unavoidably these are also related to Air Force public relations, a subject on which the committee is not expert. . . .
>
> It is the opinion of the committee that the present Air Force program dealing with UFO sightings has been well organized, although the resources assigned to it (only one officer, a sergeant, and secretary) have been quite limited. In nineteen years and more than 10,000 sightings recorded and classified, there appears to be no verified and fully satisfactory evidence of any case that is clearly outside the framework of presently known science and technology. Nevertheless, there is always the possibility that analysis of new sightings may provide some additions to scientific knowledge of value to the Air Force. Moreover, some of the case records which the committee looked at that were listed as 'identified' were sightings where the evidence collected was too meager or too indefinite to permit positive listing in the identified category. Because of this the committee recommends that the present program be strengthened to provide opportunity for scientific investigation of selected sightings in more detail and depth than has been possible to date.

Thus, after declaring particular heed to the work of the Robertson panel, the 1966 committee edged toward the sort of recommendations Captain Ruppelt said had been made by the Robertson panel. A simple coincidence? Or did the original Robertson minutes tell the 1966 committe something that CIA for some reason preferred to delete from the version released to *SR*?

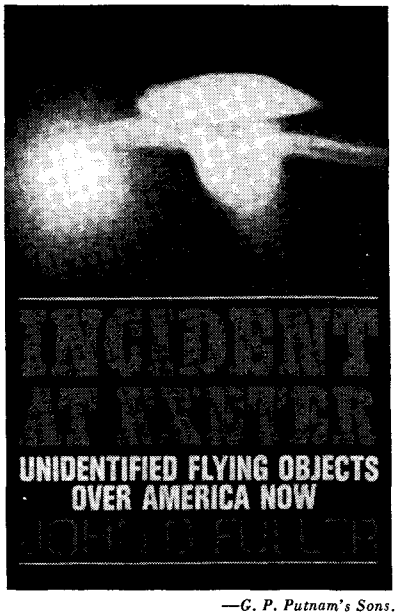
The question (which, it should be emphasized, is a question only because of the CIA editing) grows more insistent as the 1966 committee recommendations, summarized in *SR* last month and reproduced in their entirety immediately below, are detailed:

> A. Contracts be negotiated with a few selected universities to provide scientific teams to investigate promptly and in depth certain selected sightings of UFOs. Each team should include at least one psychologist, preferably one interested in clinical psychology, and at least one physical scientist, preferably an astronomer or geophysicist familiar with atmospheric physics. The universities should be chosen to provide good geographical distribution, and should be within convenient distance of a base of the Air Force Systems Command (AFSC).
>
> B. At each AFSC base an officer skilled in investigation (but not necessarily with scientific training) should be designated to work with the corresponding university team for that geographical section. The local representative of the Air Force Office of Special Investigations (OSI) might be a logical choice for this.
>
> C. One university or one not-for-profit organization should be selected to coordinate the work of the teams mentioned under A above, and also to make certain of very close communication and coordination with the office of Project Blue Book.
>
> It is thought that perhaps 100 sightings a year might be subjected to this close study, and that possibly an average of ten man days might be required per sighting so studied. The information provided by such a program might bring to light new facts of scientific value, and would almost certainly provide a far better basis than we have today for decision on a long-term UFO program.

THE confusing consequences of CIA's editing job are most obvious in the concluding paragraphs of the 1966 committee report, which loudly echo Captain Ruppelt's words. The 1966 committee urged that scientific reports on the UFO sightings selected for intensive study by the independent university teams be printed in full and made available on request, that suitable abstracts or condensed versions of these reports be included in or printed as supplements to the published reports of Project Blue Book, and that the reports of Project Blue Book then "be given wide unsolicited circulation among prominent members of the Congress and other pub-



—*Ace Books, Inc.*



—*G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

Two books written by laymen ten years apart argue from UFO sightings that possibility of extraterrestrial visitations is credible.

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lic persons as a further aid to public understanding of the scientific approach being taken by the Air Force in attacking the UFO problem."

The public reassurance aspect of the AFSAB 1966 *ad hoc* committee report is well understood within the academic community, so much so that many competent scientists at first-class universities are reluctant to join in the proposed intensification of UFO research. "It isn't science," these men complain. "What is going to happen to our reputations if we take part in it just to show people that the Air Force isn't holding out on them?" To get around this formidable obstacle, officers attached to the Air Force Deputy Chief of Staff for Research and Development have solicited testimonial letters from such august institutions as the National Academy of Sciences confirming the importance of adequate understanding of UFOs as a matter of public policy.

It had been hoped that by September 1, 1966, some school of significant stature would have accepted responsibility for guiding the UFO hunt and choosing perhaps five other schools to share the burden. As of this writing, negotiations have been begun with a prospective leader, but announcement of the outcome may now be delayed until October.

The UFO team at the bellwether school will, by Air Force stipulation, include no scientist who has publicly expressed an opinion about UFOs, one way or another. But the lead-school's choice of cooperating schools will be unrestricted; even the wildest UFO enthusiast may belong to the hunting party if his scientific peers consider him professionally competent.

Under Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara's rule that participants in military contracts must share costs of administering the contracts, whichever schools take part in the UFO research will pay expenses involved in answering questions from the public about UFOs. If the experience of *SR*'s science editor following his UFO report of last month is an acceptable criterion, the answering system will have to be endowed with incredible patience. For some UFO *aficionados* write a dozen letters on the same subject when one would suffice. Others insist that no finding about a UFO is unbiased if it does not consider all possibilities including "inconceivable" ones. Others demand that the UFO hunt encompass investigation of undescribed means whereby flying saucers can plunge straight down through the atmosphere without making a sound, go underwater and follow a river system submerged, and finally rise into the sky again like a Polaris missile—all without detection. Other UFO believers object to application of such earthly limitations as the law of gravity. Others categorically reject any statement whatever that is made by the Air Force—unless it can be turned against the Air Force. Even if all claims of UFO sightings are passed unchallenged (as was done in last month's report in *SR*), there are many who will persist in the view that absence of doubt about observers' veracity is not enough; these people hold that such qualifying questions as "What was seen?" amount to a confession of the questioner's subservience to "the Establishment."

Probably the most difficult hurdle the UFO research teams at the universities will have to clear is the presence of other independent UFO hunters, already entrenched in groups like the National Investigating Committee for Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) and the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO). The two are equally aggressive, with NICAP perhaps the more influential. The pronouncements of both are accepted as gospel by their members in contradiction to the most thoroughly documented Air Force observations.

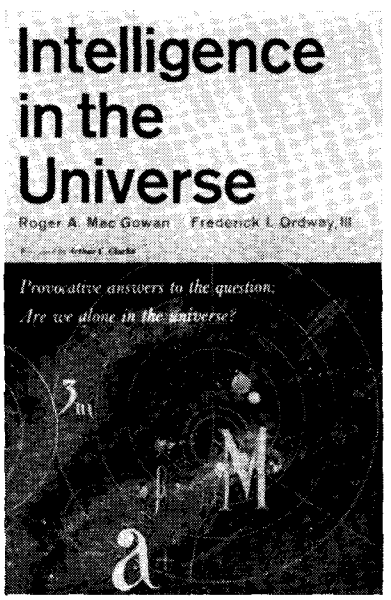
In the Socorro, New Mexico, sighting of a UFO in 1964 by policeman Lonnie Zamora, for example, NICAP and APRO members are convinced that Zamora witnessed brush burning in the gully where he said he saw a white, egg-shaped vehicle take off and zoom above the ground in a low trajectory. Yet Zamora's immediate superior on the Socorro police force, Sergeant Chavez, told FBI and Air Force investigators that he (the Sergeant) arrived in the gully in response to a radio call from Zamora three minutes after the egg-shaped object (which only Zamora saw) had disappeared; at that time, Chavez said, the burned vegetation in the gully was cold to the touch.

INSTEAD of being content with an Air Force confirmation that examination of the Socorro site revealed four depressions in the ground where Zamora said the UFO had stood (this being the closest anyone has ever come to finding so tangible a thing as a UFO "imprint"), NICAP and APRO members deride the Air Force for refusing to identify as a spaceship whatever Zamora saw.

Copies of several different Air Force reports on the Socorro episode are in *SR*'s possession. None of them casts doubt on policeman Zamora's story. One of them says "Zamora . . . is basically sincere, honest, and reliable. He would not be capable of contriving a complex hoax, nor would his temperament indicate that he would have the slightest interest in such. . . . His fright was genuine, and his feeling that he had seen something truly unusual is attested by the fact that he asked whether he should speak to the priest first before saying anything about it. Any question of hallucination seems clearly out. He is a non-drinking man. . . . I conclude, therefore, that Zamora saw a tangible, physical object, under good daylight illumination, and from fairly close range (at the closest, almost as little as 100 feet). It appears essential that we discover what the physical object actually was . . . [and] consider this one of the major UFO sightings in the history of the Air Force's consideration of this subject. . . . It will require, very possibly, the attention of the Secretary of the Air Force himself."

Certainly such phrasing is not the stuff of which conspiracies to silence discussion are hatched. Nor is any Air Force attempt to suppress scientific data likely to succeed without the help of the Air Force Cambridge Research Center in Massachusetts. Therefore, the following letter, critical of the interpretation given to a photograph published in illustration of last month's UFO report in this magazine, has a special meaning:

> As SCIENTISTS involved in obtaining the radar-scope photograph which was used in your report "What are the Unidentified Aerial Objects?" [*SR* Aug. 6, p. 49], we must take strong exception to your interpretation of the


Intelligence in the Universe
Roger A. MacGowan Frederick I. Ordway, III
Provocative answers to the question:
Are we alone in the universe?

—*Prentice-Hall.*

New book written by scientists downgrades "flying saucer opera."

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data. You attribute the undulations which appeared on the radar-scope photograph as ". . . birds riding thermal currents in the air . . ." and ". . . reflecting light in curious designs . . .," and you speculate further that the undulations may somehow create the illusion of a UFO. Such is not the case. These undulations are not reflections from any type of particulate matter such as clouds, insects, or birds as stated in the report. Instead these echoes are due to scattering of the radar energy from fluctuations in temperature and moisture (or, to be precise, refractive index) which are occurring in the visually clear atmosphere. The echoes arise because of the special relationship between the radar wavelength and the size of the turbulent eddies within the atmosphere. A similar relationship does not exist for visible light, and therefore the patterns which appear in the radar-scope photograph could never be observed visually or reported as a UFO.

KENNETH R. HARDY,
KENNETH M. GLOVER,
Meteorology Laboratory,
Air Force Cambridge
Research Center.

Why was the picture caption misleading? For the same reason that has brought on much of the criticism the Air Force has suffered in connection with UFOs—poor communication and snap judgments under hurried circumstances. *SR*'s science editor wrote the caption from information provided by an Air Force officer who gave him the picture. Ordinarily, that officer is a reliable informant. In this instance, however, to accommodate a press deadline, he spoke from memory, and the checking process he usually relies on did not operate. Similar inconsistencies have been normal to Air Force investigation of UFOs because the investigating process has ultimately depended on individual capabilities and temperaments of air base officers assigned on an individual basis by the base commanders with no central criteria for guidance. Standard criteria are now being established to smooth the performance, and new regulations, written with reassurance of the public in mind, had reached the last processing stage prior to printing as this issue of *SR* went to press.

Since the 1966 *ad hoc* committee of the Air Force Scientific Advisory Board was exceedingly explicit in urging avoidance of any appearance of censorship on UFOs, it seems reasonable to suggest an official CIA acknowledgment that CIA's decision to edit the minutes of the Robertson panel's deliberations in 1953 was a mistake in judgment and that the unexpurgated original text of the minutes would now be open to immediate public inspection. Such an act would forestall argument over an obvious parallel. According to the edited minutes of the 1953 panel meeting, the eminent scientists who sat on that panel believed a disciplined approach could dispose of the UFO mystery within eighteen months to two years. The $300,000 Air Force appropriation set aside for the 1966 independent university scientific study of UFOs is designed to last for eighteen months; supplementary monies will be available for another year if that much time is necessary to dissipate talk of interstellar invasion.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Ufoof

MARVELOUS INDEED is the power of modern science! If the opening paragraph of your fascinating article, "What Are the Unidentified Aerial Objects?" [*SR*, Aug. 6], is to be believed, science has accomplished what even the Ecumenical Movement could not: the canonization of a Protestant king! Page 41 says quite plainly, "The St. James translation of Ezekiel's words runs as follows. . . ." What follows is from the version of the *Bible* authorized by King James I in 1611.

S. BUTLER GRIMES.
Baltimore, Md.

IN REFERENCE TO your article on unidentified aerial objects, there is an incomprehensible error, especially for a man of learning, since no such thing as the "St. James" version of the *Bible* exists. The *Bible* contains the names of three James boys: James the son of Alphaeus, James the son of Zebedee, and James the son of Joseph, or the brother of Jesus, one of whom wrote a chapter, called a book, in the *New Testament*, but none of whom prepared a version of the English *Bible*. James V, King of Scotland, who became James I, King of England, etc., commissioned the translation of the *Bible* in 1610, which job was completed in 1611, and it became the version authorized to be read in the Anglican church. The British Crown still owns the copyright on it, and the royalties comprise a tidy sum. However noble James I may have been, he was hardly a saint.

For the good of the magazine, I think you will want to print a suitable correction—if for nothing else, to spare the preachers another opportunity to make a malicious jab at science.

OTIS D. DUNCAN,
Emeritus Professor of Sociology,
Oklahoma State University.
Stillwater, Okla.

ACCORDING TO my random number table, this is the 156th letter notifying you of the unidentified *Bible* translation cited by you in the second sentence of your August 6 article, "What Are the Unidentified Aerial Objects?"

King James I was no saint.

A science editor can be forgiven the slip. Not so, *SR*'s proofreaders—nor *SR* itself.

This slip does not, of course, make Ezekiel's UFO report any less credible than those now current.

FRANK V. PAGE.
Fairview Park, O.

I ENJOYED John Lear's "What Are The Unidentified Aerial Objects?", but the first part left me with a question concerning the Ezekiel references. These references, with the comments attributed to Mr. Jacques Vallee in the *Anatomy of a Phenomenon*, had a familiar sound. I refer to Mr. Lear's statement:

"Vallee . . . quoted from . . . modern 'books dealing with unidentified flying objects' which find some of Ezekiel's expressions 'similar to those commonly used by witnesses of modern sightings of UFOs.'"

Because of the familiar sound, I searched until I found an article, "The Four Faced Visitors of Ezekiel," by Arthur W. Orton in *Analog Science Fact & Fiction* (March 1961, pp. 99-115). Mr. Orton said of the first chapter of Ezekiel:

"I am convinced that this chapter is the account of an actual happening; the landing of extraterrestial beings, reported by a careful, truthful, and self-possessed observer."

He then interpreted Ezekiel in such a way as to demonstrate his thesis.

Was Orton's article one of the "books" Vallee quoted from?

FRANKLIN BRAINARD.
New Brighton, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Jacques Vallee's footnotes attribute his Ezekiel quotations to "Domenica del Corriere" (May 27, 1962), and "Australian Flying Saucer Review No. 7" (November, 1962).*

I FIND IT difficult to determine whether John Lear in "What Are the Unidentified Aerial Objects?" is a man of little faith or of great. On the one hand, he lacks certain knowledge about the sacred literature ("the *St.* James translation"); on the other, he is able to move a mountain ("Mount Rainier in the *Rockies*").

RALPH R. SUNDQUIST, JR.
Hartford, Conn.

LATEST REPORTS SUGGEST that UFOs "cavorting in the sky around Mount Rainier in the Rockies" have moved the mountain

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500 miles west, depositing it in the Cascade range southeast of Tacoma where it was recently observed by radar and by at least one visual sighting on a rare clear day.

DAVE CALHOUN.
BOB STRONG.

Manson, Wash.

THE MOUNTAIN (local appellation) Rainier, whose Indian name, Tahoma (the mountain that was God), is visible from my front door. I assure you it is not in the Rockies but in the Cascade Range of Washington State, some 500 miles west of the Rockies. The Cascade Range starts at the Canadian border, with a width of 100 miles, narrows to approximately fifty miles, in the center to accommodate Puget Sound, and widens out again at the Oregon border to approximately 100 miles again. The Range proceeds south through Oregon to California, where it takes the name of the Sierra Nevada. Within the hourglass mid-section sits Rainier, 14,410 feet high, tallest peak in Washington State.

VIRGINIA MAKELA.

Tacoma, Wash.

WHEN IT COMES to UFOs, I'm afraid you're about as "scientific" as Walter Cronkite. If you can reread your August 6 article and not be as appalled as I was at your outrageous substitutes for inductive logic, then there is a lot more editor in you than scientist. The NICAP photo "looks like a straw hat." *That* is *scientific* analysis of evidence? And your attitude towards the Air Force reminds me of the Warren Commission investigating the FBI by means of the FBI.

B. W. BROWNE.

Tujunga, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The NICAP representative who sent the supposed UFO photo to SR's science editor volunteered the suggestion that the shape of the pictured object resembled the shape of a straw hat. So far as the Warren Commission is concerned: Its assignment was to investigate the death of the late President John F. Kennedy, who was guarded by the Secret Service, a branch of the U.S. Treasury.*

THE UFO shown in the photograph [*SR*, Aug. 6, page 48] appears to be kicking up a cloud of dust. How could Rex Heflin create a cloud of dust while snapping the UFO from his vehicle?

KENNETH LARSON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

CARL SAGAN'S article, "The Saucerian Cult" [*SR*, Aug. 6], briefly discussed the psychological impact of UFOs. For a fuller study—sociological as well as psychological—of a cult based on flying saucers, may I recommend *When Prophecy Fails*, by Festinger, Riecken, and Schachter? The book is available in paperback (Harper Torchbooks, TB 1132). The price is $1.60—and well worth it, for the book is a fascinating report on a modern Messianic cult. (The study was made on the spot by a group of researchers who actually joined the movement.)

MARTIN GROSS.

New York, N.Y.

YOUR FASCINATING presentation of UFOs leaves one question: Are the astronomers who cannot see UFOs the same ones who could see canals on Mars?

MARGARET HALSEY.

Philadelphia, Pa.

THANKS for an objective investigation of the UFO controversy. The subject so lends itself to use by persons of bad repute that it has acquired the aura of the ludicrous. The tendency to discredit all reports without attention to the reliability of the source is certainly an ignorant attitude. I was pleased to see *SR* approach the subject with an open mind.

DAVID MARCELLO.

Thibodaux, La.

Medical Ethics (continued)

I READ with great interest the series entitled "Experiments on Humans—The Growing Debate" [*SR*, July 2], and want to express my thanks to you on this thought-provoking series. I feel that you have performed a valuable public service in keeping this issue before your audience. I particularly found it valuable, for I, as a medical student, have been troubled by the issue. Not a month goes by that I do not find something in the medical journals to make me question the ethical wisdom of my superiors. The debate that is now going on and the one to which you have contributed significantly is assisting me in preparing for the time when I shall take on the responsibilities of a physician.

CARL H. SLATER.

Denver, Colo.

CONCERNING experiments on people [*SR*, Oct. 6, 1962; Feb. 5, 1966; July 2, 1966], I believe some reference to a study concerning disclosure to patients now being conducted by the University of Pittsburgh Health Law Center and its possible implications for experimental procedures may be of interest.

We are attempting to determine whether there is an objective standard for disclosure of information to patients concerning the nature of contemplated procedures, and the risks and consequences of the procedures, prior to obtaining consent. A consent form has been devised for use in the study to provide proof of the disclosures made. The form also serves as a checklist so that the elements of information necessary to make the patient's consent meaningful are covered in the surgeon-patient discussion.

I believe that there is, at present, an objective standard for disclosure, but that the process of informing patients has been viewed by most people as one based on subjective determinations by the physicians only. In a sense, we are attempting to find a format for the disclosure process and see whether most surgeons provide the same items of information when a specific surgical procedure is discussed with patients. If there is consistency in the information provided by most surgeons, then a standard against which a particular physician's disclosure can be measured exists. (I would hasten to add that where good medical practice requires deviation from the standard, the need should be documented to allay any question of the surgeon's good faith in deciding to deviate from the standard disclosure practice.)

The facets of the experimental undertaking that make recognition or establishment of an objective standard more difficult are that the risks and consequences of an experimental procedure or agent may not be as well-documented or as clear as those associated with long-accepted, therapeutic procedures and agents, and that in some instances the experimental design, by its very nature, precludes providing information that some may feel must be disclosed to the subject. If a recognized authority took Dr. Henry Beecher's fifty studies and tentatively formulated the disclosure he believes would have been appropriate for the studies, and then received the views of other qualified persons concerning these disclosures, and some consensus were achieved concerning the minimum disclosure that should have been made, a body of precedent for disclosure that could be referred to when new experiments were being planned would then exist. Hopefully, this

"What I like about golf is you can get something to drink at the ninth hole."

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would be the start toward a public body of precedent concerning experiments.

In a sense, we must introduce the objective standard into the research situation, rather than rely on subjective determinations by the individual researchers, as well-intentioned as they may be, or by committees with only general propositions in codes, such as the Nuremberg Code, at their disposal. But first there must be a method to obtain the precedents. In much the way that an attorney learns from prior judicial decisions that a particular phrase is interpreted in a certain way by his state courts, and then relies upon this in drafting contracts and papers for his clients, the researcher needs a body of precedent upon which to rely in providing information to his prospective subjects. Analysis of past experiments would provide a set of precedents for evaluation of future ones.

NATHAN HERSHEY,
Assistant Director,
Health Law Center,
University of Pittsburgh.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

I AM WRITING to express my appreciation for the series of articles you have done on the subject of biomedical human experimentation, particularly the July 2 study.

In case you are not already aware of it, you would want to know that last March four church bodies conducted an interdisciplinary conference here in Washington on ethical tensions in the biomedical advances. I am enclosing a final statement developed by the conference. You will note that it calls for continuing conversation on the philosophical and ethical problems implied in them.

I think the conflict in some of these issues is quite often not between the humanist and the scientist, but between the humanistic and the more mechanistic scientist. What is at stake here, I believe, is the place of values in scientific methodology.

DR. FRANK M. BOCKUS,
Director,
Department of Social Health,
General Board of Christian Social
Concerns of The Methodist Church.
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The meeting referred to in the letter above was a National Conference on Human Genetics and Biochemistry. The sponsoring groups were the Archdiocese of Washington (Roman Catholic), the Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, the National Presbyterian Center, and the Washington National Cathedral (Episcopal). Topics discussed at this meeting were Christian ethics and moral theology of bioengineering, organ transplantation, human genetics, brain physiology and control of human behavior.*

PROFESSOR ARTHUR SELWYN MILLER has issued a most profound challenge to the legal profession to assume a major role in balancing the burgeoning influence of science and technology on the one hand and the basic values and institutions of our society on the other [*SR*, July 2]. One might well add "the scientific estate" to C. Wright Mills's catalogue of the "power elite" with its somewhat sinister implications as to the formulation of public policy.

I would like to note that Professor Miller, contrary to your identifying footnote, is a member of the faculty of the George Washington University Graduate School of Public Law.

PETER BUCK FELLER.
Washington, D.C.

YOUR EXPOSE of the scandal of experiments on people by certain doctors and educators deserves wide recognition.

All honor, too, to those three young physicians who resigned from the hospital staff rather than take part in these experiments, and to the nurse who publicly protested the "tests" conducted on school children, without consent of their parents.

As for Mr. William A. Hyman, surely he should receive some award for his "extraordinary exhibition of public spirit"—he is *man of the year* in my book.

MARY BISHOP.
St. John, N.B., Canada.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Unhappily, Mr. Hyman recently died following a road mishap.*

Flash of Life

AS ONE WHO has studied forests, not in a bookish way but through the sole of the foot in childhood, I feel a leap of recognition at Mr. Edwin V. Komarek's contribution "Lightning as a Sculptor of Life" [*SR*, June 4].

Has it struck anybody else that there is quite an analogy between this and the "God is dead" debate?

GWEN WALKER.
Yakima, Wash.

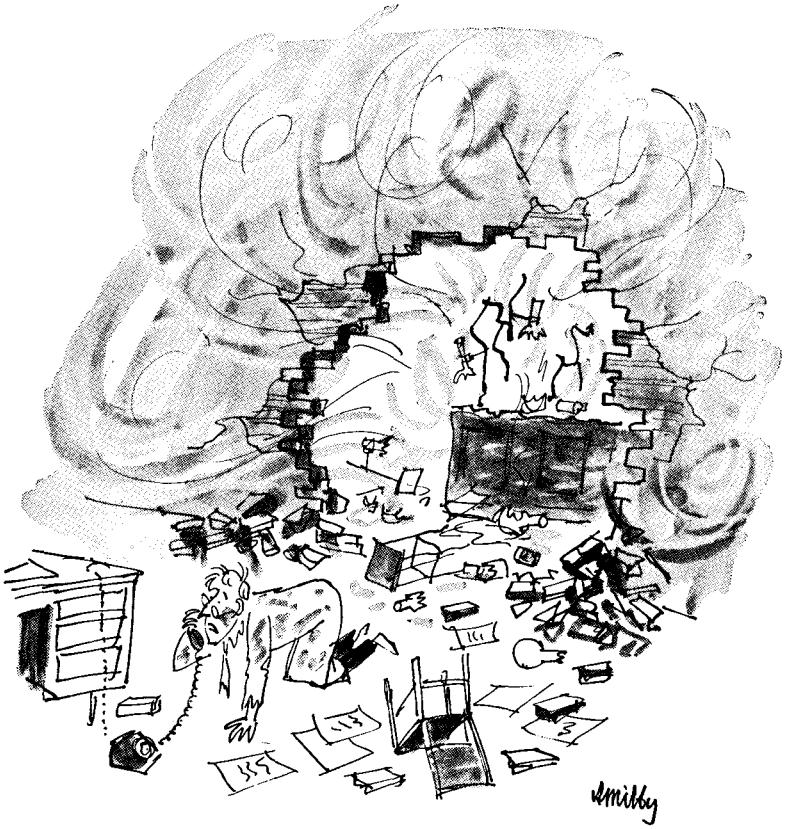
Parking Permit

MY WIFE recently received several pamphlets from the National Park Service in connection with her work for the local nature center. We were shocked and dismayed to see the commercial symbol "Phillips 66" on the front cover of a guide to national parks, and the full name of this company and a plug for the use of automobiles (over other forms of transportation) on the back cover. Nor were we impressed by the company's self-praise on the inside front cover; they actually "thanked" the Park Service for "assistance" in preparing a watered-down and condescending version of the same guide the Park Service has been producing for years. The implication is that the public should feel grateful to Phillips Petroleum Company for the existence of these parks. I suppose before long we will be asked to credit Yellowstone to "Pepsi" and Plum Island to General Motors???

We wish you'd write and ask for a copy of this supposed guide book. In the guide it is stated, "In 1962, the U. S. Department of the Interior honored Phillips with its Conservation Service Award for significant service to the cause of conservation." What is this "award," and who started it? More important, who decided the recipient should be allowed to stamp its name on the guide book and lard the text with its philosophy?

If your interests extend to the environment and man's role in changing and maintaining it—and we know they do—then we hope you'll turn to this topic your proven skill in ferreting out sneaky dealing.

RICHARD W. MACOMBER,
Curator, Department of Geology,
Northwestern University.
Evanston, Ill.



"Well—I suppose you could call it a breakthrough of sorts."

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THE COMPUTER, THE EYE, THE SOUL

By fortunate coincidence, three unusual new books on robots are available in this month of September. Two come from the University of Illinois Press, one from the University of Washington Press. The last, titled Of Molecules and Men, *originated as the fifth in the series of John Danz Lectures, delivered on the University of Washington campus at Seattle by Sir Francis Crick, British biochemist and co-discoverer of the spiral stairway pattern of DNA, the nucleic acid since proclaimed as a prime mover in inheritance. The text below is excerpted from* Of Molecules and Men.

By SIR FRANCIS CRICK

HOWEVER we compare a computer with the brain, we find that even the most complex of today's computers are far, far simpler than the human brain. This can easily be shown by counting up the number of elements in the two. There are about a thousand times more nerve cells in the brain than there are elements in even our largest computers. Again, the brain has an enormous advantage in that it is packed into a small space and works on very little power. However, modern computers are getting rather smaller in physical size because of the increasing use of transistors and of printed circuits. Although it will not be possible in the near future to make elements as small as neurons, at least the difference in size is not as apparent as it was a few years ago.

It is most important to realize that modern computers are based on quite a different system of operation from anything we can see in the brain. Such computers work on a binary system and are extremely accurate. Our brains, on the other hand, show no signs of working on a binary system, and in addition are very inaccurate. However, the brain is able to work with the loss of quite a fair number of its nerve cells (every day some die as we grow older) and is presumably made to be inaccurate in order that the loss of one particular element will not upset the functioning of the brain as a whole. Computers, on the other hand, are usually designed in such a way that, as far as possible, all their elements function satisfactorily.

The great advantage a computer has over the brain is that its basic rate of working is very much quicker. Its "pulse rate" is on the order of a thousand times faster than the corresponding rate of sending signals in the brain. Consequently, even a rather small computer can undertake a task that the brain cannot tackle in any reasonable time. On the other hand, the brain is a multiple-input device. Over a million nerve fibers go from the eye to the brain, and many of these can be carrying signals at the same time. Thus the elements of the brain act to some extent in parallel, whereas much of the working of computers occurs in series. A computer is made in such a way that it can concentrate on doing one particular job at a time, or at the most a small number of different jobs. It is for these reasons that computers can do straight calculations more rapidly than we can with our brains, whereas our brains can do certain complex jobs, like the recognition of a friend's face, surprisingly quickly.

It is amusing to note the sort of things modern computers can do. One, for example, has been programed to play checkers. This is a type of program in which the machine evaluates each game after it has been played and then adjusts the strategy of play to optimize chances of winning. For a time, it was even able to beat the man who wrote the program. Several people have written programs that allow a computer to play chess, which is a far more difficult game. So far such machines can play only very average chess.

Programs are also actively being written for teaching purposes. One of these, for example, will give a young medical doctor a problem, instruct him what (imaginary) tests to carry out, cross-examine him on what he has done, and criticize his diagnosis, telling him sometimes to try again, or to go back and examine different sorts of evidence.

A very amusing program written recently simulates the behavior of a psychiatrist talking to a patient. The great advantage of this situation is that the "patient" is not supposed to ask the "psychiatrist" a question, whereas the "psychiatrist" can always initiate a new topic if he does not wish to continue along the lines of the previous one. Below is an example of an exchange that occurred between a real person and an IBM computer, following instructions written by Joseph Weizenbaum, visiting associate professor of electrical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The interview took place by typewriter. The "patient"—a "distraught young lady"—typed out what she wished to say in lower-case letters, and then pressed a button twice, whereupon the machine replied, also by typewriter, but in upper-case letters. According to the *Harvard Review*, the conversation went as follows:

men are all alike

IN WHAT WAY

they're always bugging us about something or other

CAN YOU THINK OF A SPECIFIC EXAMPLE

well, my boy friend made me come here

YOUR BOY FRIEND MADE YOU COME HERE

he noticed that i'm depressed much of the time

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I AM SORRY TO HEAR YOU ARE DEPRESSED

he's right. i am unhappy

DO YOU THINK COMING HERE WILL HELP YOU NOT TO BE UNHAPPY

i need some help, that much is clear

WHAT WOULD IT MEAN TO YOU IF YOU GOT SOME HELP

perhaps i could learn to get along with my mother

TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOUR FAMILY

my mother takes care of me

WHO ELSE IN YOUR FAMILY TAKES CARE OF YOU

my father

YOUR FATHER

you are like my father in some ways

WHAT RESEMBLANCE DO YOU SEE

you are not very aggressive but i don't think you want me to notice that

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I AM NOT VERY AGGRESSIVE

you don't argue with me

WHY DO YOU THINK I DON'T ARGUE WITH YOU

you are afraid of me

DOES IT PLEASE YOU TO BELIEVE I AM AFRAID OF YOU

it pleases my father to think i am afraid of him

WHAT ELSE COMES TO MIND WHEN YOU THINK OF YOUR FATHER

bullies

NOTICE that at one point the "patient" used the word "like." This was probably a cue for the machine to say, "WHAT RESEMBLANCE DO YOU SEE." By use of such simple clues and other tricks, it is possible to make a dialogue that sounds reasonably convincing, using a simple program. There is even speculation that it may be possible to provide a service for emotionally disturbed people, so that they can have someone "sympathetic" to talk to. However, people who have spoken with such a computer find it an emotionally unnerving experience, partly because of the somewhat superior attitude of the machine, which is apt to ignore what one has said and simply ask a new question from time to time. Nevertheless, it is clear that with ingenuity it will be possible to extend this type of programing in a number of directions.

I THINK the really striking thing that will come from the use of computers will occur when they reach a very high degree of sophistication and one can have a computer behind a screen with which one could carry on a conversation. The standard question this possibility raises is, "How will one find out that one is talking to a computer and not to a real person? Would the computer, if questioned, say that it was conscious and describe what it meant by this?" Of course the computer might have to be "educated," but then so do human beings. There are many people who believe that it will never be possible to simulate a human being in this way, but those who work on computers tend to think that we shall see this development in our lifetime.

Even if we do not, I am sure that interaction with computers will become a common part of everyday life. After all, we can easily get the computer to type out what it has said, and then get some actor to read it. It would be quite possible to have a television program in which people spoke to the computer; their words would simply be typed down and passed to the computer by some intermediary; the machine would then reply on the typewriter, and an actor would read out what the machine had said. I prophesy that before long there will be a television program of this kind and that it will be a sensation, provided, of course, that the program is written with sufficient ingenuity.

In fact, I think writing programs of this sort will become a new literary occupation. We may have a program for, say, literary criticism, which would certainly be great fun to devise. Alternatively, someone might try to write a program for a seduction scene. Before long, I can well imagine, people will put two machines together and see how they talk to each other. It would be very amusing to get the seduction program to talk to the psychiatrist program!

Leaving aside all these fancier applications, we have to realize, as has already been stressed by a number of people, that machines are going to take on many of the functions of human beings. It is going to be quite disturbing for us to associate with machines. There are people—Fred Hoyle, for example—who believe that machines will eventually take control of our civilization. Even if that does not happen, it could be argued that what will arise is a symbiosis between machines and men, in which the main function of the men will be to reproduce and to tend the machines. I myself doubt whether we shall reach quite such a stage; nevertheless, I am convinced that during our own lifetime we will come to associate with very complicated and sophisticated machines, and it is going to be quite upsetting.

I think the people who are most disturbed by this sort of thing are those who believe in some sense in the soul. What is never very clear is what is meant by "the soul," but one of its attributes appears to be that it can associate with the body but is separate from the body, and, in particular, that it can in some circumstances exist separately from the body and especially, so many people think, after death.

One difficulty about the soul is to know when it originated in evolution. Most people would agree that all human beings have souls (though no doubt there are a few eccentrics who think that they are denied to women), but it is not at all clear whether a chimpanzee or a dog can have one. It is noticeable that philosophers who keep dogs, and are fond of them, are more inclined to attribute souls to dogs than are those who are not animal lovers. And if a dog, why not a worm?

To take another familiar difficulty: Does a baby have a soul? And if so, does it have the soul before birth, and at what moment does it get the soul? It seems hardly likely that the unfertilized egg has a soul in the sense of which we are talking. Of course, there are standard religious answers to some of these questions; but they appear to me to be arbitrary nonsense.

I MYSELF, like many scientists, believe that the soul is imaginary and that what we call our minds is simply a way of talking about the functions of our brains. The real difficulty comes from the vividness of our experience of consciousness, and even that to some extent is a matter of degree, since we can be conscious to various extents, either when we are half awake or when we are sleepwalking. I also find it disturbing that we dream every night and retain so little of our dreams. Recent work has shown quite conclusively that everybody dreams each night for quite considerable periods and that most of these dreams are forgotten unless one is awakened while they are going on.

Of course it is not true that mankind is evolving at the moment only by natural selection. Ever since man was able to communicate and form societies, another form of evolution has been taking place—social evolution, which is very much faster and in many ways more effective. Nevertheless, much in our nature has evolved under the pressure of natural selection alone, and these pres-

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sures still exist today. Natural selection being a slow process and civilization being fairly recent, it follows that a lot of our behavior was evolved in a period when human beings acted rather differently from the way they act today. For example, much of our aggressiveness probably springs from behavior selected when man was living in small groups, probably in constant competition with each other. The same is probably true of much of our sexual behavior and explains many of the difficulties and dilemmas that we find in our marriage laws and in our sex laws in general.

I think it is difficult to overemphasize the importance of teaching natural selection, both in schools and in universities, so that every member of our culture has a clear and firm grasp of the principle involved. It is, I think, one of the scandals of the United States that there still are statutes on the law books of certain Southern states which formally forbid the teaching of evolution in schools.

PERSONALLY, I would go further. I think it regrettable that there is so much religious teaching. True, the situation in the United States is nothing like as bad as it is in Great Britain, where religious instruction, I am sorry to say, is compulsory in all schools supported by public money. Since much of this instruction, from the point of view of most educated men, is utter nonsense, it seems to me particularly distressing that this should be the one compulsory subject of British education.

Nor, unfortunately, are many British universities much better in this particular matter. Many of them have inherited a religious tradition, but this does not easily explain the tremendous institutional support given to religion by such a body as Cambridge University, and the colleges that form a part of it. The fact that many of the senior members of the university believe that what is taught and propagated in this way is really beneath contempt intellectually is not apparently enough to prevent the continuation of these ancient practices. Of course, if a university is founded by a number of private people, there is no reason why those people should not propagate their religious beliefs if they wish to do so, but it is quite another matter when a university is public.

The business of the university has been well stated by Lord Annan, the Provost of King's College, Cambridge, as "intellect, intellect, intellect." Whatever other functions the university may have, there is no place for the support of half-truths and falsehoods. It is remarkable that so many intellectuals are hypocritical about this matter, and either shrug their shoulders and say they are not personally involved, or feel that it is a matter of no importance.

One should perhaps state clearly why questions like this are important. When our culture was firmly based on Christian beliefs and practices, answers were provided to many fundamental questions, and it was not thought necessary that science should do more than dot the *i*'s and cross the *t*'s for those answers. The position is quite different today. Today we know that everything we knew yesterday about questions of this type is almost certainly untrue.

THE intellectual should be concerned with questions such as "What are we?" and "Why are we here?" and "Why does the world work in this particular way?" It is remarkable to me that there is not more urgency to answer questions of this kind. I think this situation can only spring from the fact that most people believe either that these questions have been answered already, in some way or another, or, alternatively, that the answers are perhaps too difficult to understand. It would be a much healthier state of affairs if, instead of competing in an arms race, the United States and Russia competed in a knowledge race; if it were to be regarded as a matter of national prestige that we could understand the nature of life, for example, rather than mounting enormous and costly space programs to go to Mars, although I would be the first to agree that going to Mars may perhaps help us a little way toward answering the question of the nature of life.

Once one has become adjusted to the idea that we are here because we have evolved from simple chemical compounds by a process of natural selection, it is remarkable how many of the problems of the modern world take on a completely new light. It is for this reason important that science in general, and natural selection in particular, should become the basis on which we are to build the new culture.

C. P. Snow was quite right when he said there were two cultures. (I do not wish to argue here whether there are two, or three, or four, but simply that there is more than one.) The mistake he made, in my view, was to underestimate the difference between them.

The old, or literary culture, which was based originally on Christian values, is clearly dying, whereas the new culture, the scientific one, based on scientific values, is still in an early stage of development, although growing with great rapidity. It is not possible to see one's way clearly in the modern world unless one grasps this division between these two cultures and the fact that one is slowly dying and the other, although primitive, is bursting into life.

FOR this reason I believe that all university students should be taught a subject that might be called "The Map of Science." This would not only describe the broad nature of all the various sciences and the way they are related to each other (with a few selected illustrations from each to bring life to the description), but would also show how developed each science is and which areas are relatively understudied.

Such a course would clearly demonstrate that while, say, mechanics or optics are very well explored, much of biology is still almost virgin territory. It would encourage students to consider questions to which we do *not* yet know the answer, but which we think there is a hope of answering within the next three-score years.

Now there are some questions that affect us far more personally than others, and among these the working of the brain certainly ranks high. It can be confidently stated that our present knowledge of the brain is so primitive—approximately at the stage of the four humors in medicine or of bleeding in therapy (What is psychoanalysis but mental bleeding?)—that when we do have fuller knowledge our whole picture is bound to change radically. Much that is now culturally acceptable will then seem to be nonsense. People with training in the arts still feel that in spite of the alterations made in their lives by technology—by the internal combustion engine, by penicillin, by the Bomb—modern science has little to do with what concerns them most deeply. As far as today's science is concerned this is partly true, but tomorrow's science is going to knock their culture right out from under them.

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A THINKER'S DREAM

LIVING ORGANISMS are very complicated aggregations of elementary parts, and by any reasonable theory of probability or thermodynamics, highly improbable. That they should occur in the world at all is a miracle of the first magnitude . . . , [mitigated only by the fact] that they reproduce themselves. Therefore, if by any peculiar accident there should ever be one of them, from there on the rules of probability do not apply, and there will be many of them, at least if the milieu is reasonable. . . . A reasonable milieu is already thermodynamically much less improbable. . . .

What goes on is actually one degree better than self-reproduction, for organisms appear to have gotten more elaborate in the course of time. Today's organisms are phylogenetically descended from others which were vastly simpler than they are—so much simpler, in fact, that it's inconceivable how any kind of description of the later complex organism could have existed in the earlier one. It's not easy to imagine in what sense a gene, which is probably a low order affair, can contain a description of the human being which will come from it. But in this case you can say that since the gene has its effect only within another human organism, it probably need not contain a complete description of what is to happen, but only a few cues for a few alternatives. However, this is not so in phylogenetic evolution, which starts from simple entities, surrounded by an unliving amorphous milieu, and produces something more complicated.

The opposite conclusion arises from looking at artificial automata. Everyone knows that a machine tool is more complicated than the elements which can be made with it, and that, generally speaking, an automaton A, which can make an automaton B, must contain a complete description of B and also rules on how to behave while effecting the synthesis. So, one gets a very strong impression that complication, or productive potentiality in an organization, is degenerative; that an organization which synthesizes something is necessarily more complicated, of a higher order, than the organization it synthesizes.

Appealing to the organic living world does not help us greatly, because we do not understand enough about how natural organisms function. We will stick to automata which we know completely because we made them—either actual artificial automata or paper automata described completely by some finite set of logical axioms. It is possible in this domain to describe automata which can reproduce themselves. . . . [and to show that] the production of a more complicated object from a less complicated object is possible.

THE conclusion one should draw from this is that complication is degenerative below a certain minimum level. . . . There is a minimum number of parts below which complication is degenerative, in the sense that if one automaton makes another the second is less complex than the first, but above which it is possible for an automaton to construct other automata of equal or higher complexity. Where this number lies depends upon how you define the parts. I think that with . . . one or two dozen parts with simple properties, this minimum number is large, in the millions. . . .

(Von Neumann only briefly described the kinds of elements or parts he planned to use. There are neurons . . . [like simplified nerve cells]. There are elements "that have absolutely no function except that they are rigid and produce a geometrical tie between their ends." Another kind of element is called a "motor organ" and a "muscle-like affair"; it contracts to zero length when stimulated. There is an organ which, when pulsed, "can either make or break a connection." He said that less than a dozen kinds of elements are needed. An automaton composed of these parts can catch other parts which accidentally come in contact with it; "it is possible to invent a system by which it can sense" what part it has caught. . . .

(Von Neumann conceived of an automaton constructing other automata in the following manner. The constructing automaton floats on a surface, surrounded by an unlimited supply of parts. The constructing automaton contains in its memory a description of the automaton to be constructed. Operating under the direction of this description, it picks up the parts it needs and assembles them into the desired automaton. To do this, it must contain a device which catches and identifies the parts that come in contact with it. . . . How . . . [might] this device operate? Two stimulus units protrude from the constructing automaton. When a part touches them tests can be made to see what kind of part it is. For example, a stimulus organ will transmit a signal; a girder will not; a muscle . . . contracts when stimulated.

(Von Neumann intended to disregard the fuel and energy problem in his first design attempt. He planned to consider it later, perhaps by introducing a battery as an additional elementary part. . . . He said it is in principle possible to set up a machine shop which can make a copy of any machine, given enough time and raw materials. This shop would contain a machine tool B with the following powers. Given a pattern or object X, it would search over X and list its parts and their connections, thereby obtaining a description of X. Using this description, the tool B would then make a copy of X).

We can add a certain amount of control equipment C to the automaton $A + B$. The automaton C dominates both A and B, actuating them alternately according to the following pattern. The control C will first cause B to make two copies of (X). The control C will next cause A to construct X at the price of destroying one copy of (X). Finally, the control C will tie X and the remaining copy of (X) together and cut them loose from the complex $(A + B + C)$. At the end the entity $X + (X)$ has been produced. . . . Hence auto-reproduction has taken place.

We can do one more thing . . . [by adding] D, any automaton. . . . Then $(A + B + C) + (A + B + C + D)$ produces $(A + B + C + D) + (A + B + C + D)$. In other words, our constructing automaton is now of such a nature that in its normal operation it produces another object . . . as well as making a copy of itself. . . .

The system $(A + B + C + D)$ can undergo processes similar to the process of mutation. . . . By a mutation I . . . mean simply a random change of one element anywhere. If an element is changed at random in one of the automata A, B, or C, the system will usually not completely reproduce itself. . . . If the change occurs in D, the system with the mutation is exactly like the original system, except that D has been replaced by D'. This new system can reproduce itself, but its by-product will be D' rather than D—the normal pattern of an inheritable mutation. So, while this system is exceedingly primitive, it has the trait of an inheritable mutation, even to the point that a mutation made at random is most probably lethal, but may be non-lethal and inheritable.

—JOHN VON NEUMANN

in *Theory of Self-Producing Automata*, edited and completed by Arthur W. Burks. (University of Illinois Press. $10.)

Arthur W. Burks is professor of philosophy and communication sciences at the University of Michigan. He was a principal designer of the first electronic computer (ENIAC) and worked with von Neumann on the logical design of computers.

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A DOER'S MODEL

JOHN von NEUMANN died, a victim of cancer, before he could complete the task of setting his theory of self-producing automata onto paper. Of the several models described in his incomplete writings, the most sophisticated was the cellular one, made up of square-shaped cells, each endowed with twenty-nine different states of being. This cellular conception is one of the starting points in theoretical construction of a particularized model that may explain how the human brain processes that part of its information received through the eyes. When simulated on an IBM 1620 digital computer, this model recognizes patterns, as the eyes do.

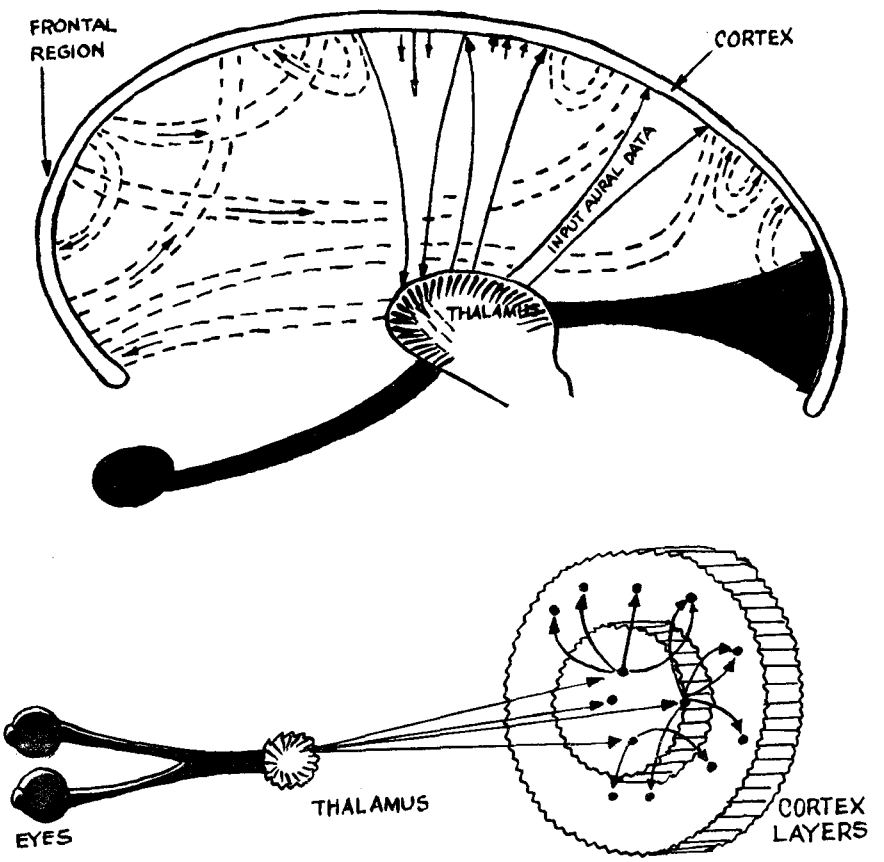
The model is described by its builder, Matthew Kabrisky, associate professor of electrical engineering at the Air Force Institute of Technology, Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio, in a University of Illinois Press book titled, *A Proposed Model for Visual Information Processing in the Human Brain* ($6.75).

Professor Kabrisky's model, derived from biological and neurological mapping of the brain, compares the outer lining, or cortex, of the brain to a honeycomb. Each cell of the comb receives impulses from the eyes over a discrete circuit. There is one circuit for each of the 100,000 light receptors in the fovea, the tiny spot in the middle of the retina of our eyes through which we see everything sharply. The retina surrounding the fovea is like frosted glass. Information from the blurred area is carried to the brain from 124,900,000 light receptors over 900,000 communication channels to the honeycomb in the cortex. This 140-to-1 squeeze means the cortex gets some of its data already simplified.

The wax in the honeycomb must be thought of as partly melted, there being six layers in the cortex with some degree of interconnection. An unknown kind of reverberatory loop passes information among the layers, making possible the matching of new patterns against familiar patterns.

The final effect of light on the cortex is not dissimilar to the effect of light on photographic emulsions. Many "grains" in an image can be undeveloped without destroying the usefulness of the picture.

—WILL JONATHAN.



—Sketches by Doug Anderson, following Matthew Kabrisky.

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(Continued from page 57)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1691

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Hawthorne's word for the *gentle characteristics, when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew.*	27 202 66 12 1 190 165
B. Clough's answer to his own question "Where lies the land to which the ship would go?"	54 71 3 96 199
C. A kernel, as of a nut or seed.	209 161 119 68 83 222 124
D. Little pig.	70 166 24 114 163
E. Colloq. for remain silent (2 wds.)	110 39 132 51 90 139 72
F. Assembled specific equipment, such as a trousseau, etc.	86 92 35 154 203 103 7 73 175
G. Anonymous.	59 193 42 109 84 205 158 140
H. Not yet fully grown.	208 91 218 197 14 130 142 57
I. Followed by *Parbat*, lofty peak of Himalayas in NW Kashmir.	112 167 74 215 125
J. Extreme SW region of Israel (2 wds.)	113 50 147 18 85 185 40 94 121
K. Reverse action of the oars by a rower; gathering a crop into bundles.	196 49 183 144 38 111 17 207
L. A special ghost remarkable for its sound.	56 118 93 52 53 31 9
M. Puts into a state of rapture.	58 44 176 8 148 82 159 47 179
N. Allotment.	213 21 61 150 153 162
O. Voluble and foolish talk.	182 146 101 67 117 48 15 223 187
P. Two wds. used as a reciprocal pronoun.	210 184 95 134 37 180 79 178 164
Q. Courtier of Charles II and poet, patron of Dryden, who was known for his own scurrilous and obscene verse.	30 89 189 120 63 168 23 135 220
R. Literature's word, frequently, for autobiography.	172 221 137 77 122 64 62 98 11 107 211
S. One year younger than the famous boy who played with Bunner's *old, old, old, old lady* (2 wds. and comp.)	156 212 216 25 29 80 131 141 97 104 160
T. Cool fearlessness.	194 81 133 204 33 46 60 116 136 75 20
U. One of about 2,000 clergymen who left the Church of England, 1662.	195 99 206 22 76 34 87 219 19 4 69 55 200
V. Colloq. antonym of WORD B.	171 2 188 115 138
W. Of almost no value (4 wds.)	41 5 191 186 151 169 155 201 123 88 28 198 65
X. Specifying the present leading method of making steel (comp.)	16 108 214 126 177 102 181 192 149 173
Y. Specifying a hypothesis to which one is not finally committed.	45 174 152 127 217 26 157 10 106
Z. Bucolic.	170 78 145 129 36 13 105
Z[1]. Large province of NE central China.	6 128 43 100 32 143

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

					1 A	2 V	3 B		4 U	5 W	6 Z[1]	7 F		8 M	9 L	10 Y	11 R	12 A
13 Z	14 H	15 O	16 X	17 K	18 J	19 U	20 T			21 N	22 U	23 Q		24 D	25 S		26 Y	27 A
28 W		29 S	30 Q	31 L	32 Z[1]	33 T	34 U	35 F		36 Z	37 P	38 K	39 E	40 J	41 W	42 G	43 Z[1]	
44 M	45 Y		46 T	47 M	48 O	49 K	50 J	51 E	52 L		53 L	54 B	55 U		56 L	57 H	58 M	
59 G		60 T	61 N	62 R		63 Q	64 R	65 W	66 A	67 O	68 C	69 U	70 D	71 B	72 E	73 F	74 I	
75 T		76 U	77 R		78 Z	79 P	80 S	81 T	82 M	83 C	84 G	85 J		86 F	87 U		88 W	
89 Q	90 E	91 H	92 F	93 L	94 J	95 P	96 B	97 S	98 R	99 U	100 Z[1]		101 O	102 X	103 F	104 S	105 Z	
106 Y	107 R		108 X	109 G	110 E	111 K	112 I	113 J		114 D	115 V	116 T		117 O	118 L	119 C	120 Q	
	121 J	122 R	123 W	124 C	125 I	126 X	127 Y		128 Z[1]	129 Z	130 H	131 S	132 E		133 T	134 P	135 Q	
	136 T	137 R	138 V	139 E	140 G	141 S	142 H	143 Z[1]	144 K	145 Z	146 O	147 J	148 M	149 X	150 N	151 W	152 Y	
	153 N	154 F		155 W	156 S	157 Y	158 G		159 M	160 S	161 C	162 N	163 D	164 P	165 A		166 D	
167 I	168 Q		169 W	170 Z	171 V	172 R	173 X	174 Y	175 F		176 M	177 X	178 P		179 M	180 P	181 X	
182 O	183 K		184 P	185 J		186 W	187 O	188 V	189 Q	190 A		191 W	192 X	193 G	194 T	195 U	196 K	
	197 H	198 W	199 B		200 U	201 W	202 A	203 F	204 T		205 G	206 U	207 K	208 H	209 C	210 P	211 R	
	212 S	213 N	214 X		215 I	216 S	217 Y	218 H	219 U	220 Q	221 R	222 C	223 O					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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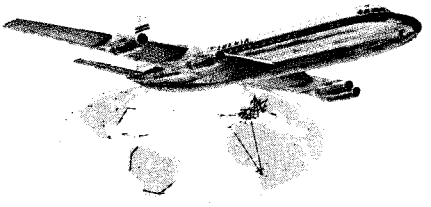

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